

CAVALCADE

March 13



**After the
"A" Bomb —
What?**

By MARK HOPE • Page 4

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Vol. 13, No. 4

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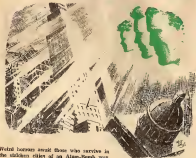
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after the bomb

... What?

MARK HOPE



World horrors await those who survive in the shattered cities of an Atom-Bomb war.

AN Atom-bomb has burst. There has been a great flash of light, equal to 100 suns. In less than a millisecond of a second, the equivalent of the the smallest miniature) 10,000 tons of T.N.T. has released sufficient electrical energy to keep a 100,000 light bulbs burning for 250,000 years. A blinding ball of fire, reaching a temperature over 1,000,000 degrees

Centigrade, has leaped across the sky. Three monstrous waves of force have crashed down on your city.

The first two-bomb blast, together with invisible, penetrating nuclear radiation, deadly gamma-rays and neutrons—have struck simultaneously. A second later, a third wave has followed.

Your city has been crushed under

a moist heat, and, above it—like a funeral pall—has spread a huge mushroom of dust and steam and debris and human wreckage.

If you have been within half-mile radius of the center of the explosion, you will probably not be wary again; you will almost certainly be dead!

Short concrete columns, square steel, within the mile-wide circle, there will be complete destruction. Small masonry buildings will all have collapsed; light buildings, too, will have been demolished, only the twisted beams of skeletons of steel will remain.

Infinitely few people will survive. They will have been killed by blast, burned by falling buildings, buried to death, given fatal doses of murderous radiation.

The heat wave which preceded the blast-front will have heated for three seconds inside a four-mile circle. Flash-fire will have flared everywhere. Most human beings will have suffered serious skin-burns . . . , either fatal or causing permanent injury.

Then, at last . . . perhaps twenty minutes later . . . perhaps even sooner . . .

The "fire-storm" has swooped down . . . walls of fire formed by winds blowing into the furnace of the city from all directions and reaching twenty or thirty miles as high at their peak.

It is impossible to assess the loss of life from this "fire-storm." (Mark then tall the deaths and three-quarters of the injuries at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were caused by burns from flash-blast and ordinary flame . . . and at Hiroshima alone 71,138 perished.)

But—most monstrous of all—there has been the wave of invisible energy which has crisscrossed untold hundreds with "radiation-sickness" that de-

stroys human cells in the bone-marrow, blood, and living tissues.

From this wave, Gamma-radiation (X-ray) will have dealt death at least 4,000 feet from the burst-center. Neutrons will have been lethal for more than half-a-mile. At 1,000 feet, you will have had more than a fifty-fifty chance of being assassinated by this invisible horror, even though you had sheltered yourself behind 12 inches of solid concrete.

Not all "radiation-sickness" victims, however, will have died immediately. The cases will have varied. Some will have felt various degrees of shock, possibly within a few hours in the next day or so they will have been racked by spasms of nausea, vomiting and diarrhoea; a raging fever will have been the signal of the end.

With others, "radiation-sickness" will have subsided after two or three days and the patient will have seemed to recover, never suspecting that profound changes are taking place in the body. There will have been no warning when the serious symptoms suddenly reappear. The distressing patient will have bled internally, his throat will have swelled, his hair will have fallen out and his sexual organs degenerated before he slides into a coma. Death will have occurred within two weeks.

All these prospects, however have happened . . . but now, what?

There has the question—or, rather, the Questions—that you must answer.

To begin with, has your city become an echoing ghost town, too "hot" with radio-activity to be entered in safety?

That is an open question. If your lucky happened to explode high in the air, the odds that your city is uninhabitable will be extremely small.

Scientists claim that—though the radio-active residue of the bomb must eventually fall to earth—the wide area over which the residue will be distributed would almost completely discount any real danger.

On the other hand, if your bomb has exploded underwater, at street-level or underground, the spunge of water and dust will have been so radio-active that your city may have become uninhabitable for a period no one can predict.

And there is a third—and worse—possibility. Perhaps quite apart from the bomb—other radio-activity has also been deliberately used in your city? So far, science has been unable to prove that this cannot be done.

The use of concentrated radio-active poison liquid from the atom-bomb has already been investigated by Professor Hans Thuring, a German physicist, and Professor Louis N. Richardson, of the Illinois (U.S.) University. Their recent investigation has shown that "a particularly vicious form of lethal gas" can be made in an atomic pile during the processing of Plutonium.

"When a city has been contaminated by this gas," Professor Richardson states, "no one without the proper scientific instruments has any means of knowing whether he has been affected. He may receive a lethal dose two weeks before he even notices that he is endangered; and yet a few days later he may be dead. The only ones who have a slim chance of survival are those who die at once, with a fatal, dangerous head-onset covering nose and mouth."

Professor Thuring goes even farther. He has warned the world of what he has named "The Death Sand."

"The Death Sand," he declares, "is the lightest and most transportable of all weapons of mass destruction. It is prepared by drying a water solution of the deadly radio-active salts on to sand or metal powder. This mixture will yield residues equal to that given off by 1200 lbs. of uranium for every one kilogram (a fraction more than 2 1/2 lbs.) of Death Sand."

As 500 lbs. of this "sand" could dominate 144 square miles of country, the great probabilities are obvious. Distributed occasionally, it could deny your return to your city almost indefinitely.

But perhaps even such a calamity as this might be overcome. Your city might be gradually decontaminated with chemicals, by blasting with wet sand or with high-pressure steam (as was done with the U.S. ships at Bikini) or by some newer process which has not as yet been devised.

Have you are straightforward faced by a second question: What about yourself? You are old, slow, but have you really escaped harm?

Again this is an open question. In Japan, the U.S. Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission is still studying long-range effects of the Pacific War explosions.

One of the Commission's latest findings has revealed that—more than five years after the attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki—eye-cancers have begun to turn up among the survivors. As at writing, about forty certain cases of "radiation" cataracts have been located; and another forty more are suspected. Most of these were within 2,000 feet of the point above which the bomb exploded.

Ophthalmic studies have been established for several statistical follow-ups; but what they will disclose, only

the future can tell. With them, you cannot avoid the possibility that—of such long-delayed reactions are to prove wide-spread—others (much longer delayed and more mysterious) will come to light.

Which, obviously, gives rise to a third question. Even if you yourself are apparently unharmed, what of your children still unborn?

Nobel Prize winner, Professor H. J. Muller, a world-famous geneticist, has already predicted that the offspring of survivors of atomic bombings may be abnormal, either physically or mentally. His deductions are based on work he has been doing with fruit-flies, for he has found that fruit flies, hatched from eggs that had been exposed to German CX rays, were born monstrously. Many of these monsters died, because they were too monstrous; others, however, survived and some even bred true.

At present, Japan has provided no positive evidence that this also applies to human beings, but the matter is still in doubt. An effort is being made to determine the outcome of every pregnancy in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Abnormal births are being handled by a system of immediate reporting and all live births are checked. In this way, it is hoped to detect congenital and also inherited abnormalities which often are difficult to discover in the new-born.

It has been estimated, however, that at least 200,000 births must be studied before anything but large abnormal changes can be traced with efficiency. So far, only about 25,000 births have been investigated. Here, too, a decision must be left to nature.

And the threat of children being changed into human monsters, natur-

ally pass the fourth—and most important—question?

Can the entire life of the world be destroyed by atomic bombings?

At last, there is a definite "No" for an answer.

A report sent last April named by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission states bluntly: "To annihilate a world-wide race, something like a million atomic bombs of normal size would have to be detonated . . . roughly one to every 300 square miles of the earth's surface. Clearly, the situation is highly improbable."

So—whatever else happens — if none you can depend on that.

No matter how terrible the toll of death and suffering may be, some of you will still live on as normal human beings.

Though many children may be born monsters, there will be others who will perpetuate the species . . .

Atom bomb or no atom bomb, it seems undoubted that the world—and hence life upon it—will somehow or other continue to carry on.



THE ECHOES ANSWERED "Gold!"



CEORIC R. MONTGOMERY

A trail of death and horror led to the rainbow gold which men sought deep in the heart of the Kimberleys.

IF, in 1883, a man stood on the barren, heart spot of the earth's surface and yelled "Gold!" he could hear the echoes go clear round the world and back to him within a matter of days.

Jennie McPherson told me that, as he sat on a ballast of his boat landing in the food country of New Zealand, Jesse should know, for he spent a half-century chasing such echoes. As he put it, in the silly Gaelic language of his ancestors: "Ah, dachid

the echoes to their source, ye hua, an' recently heard 'em due in scotch' laughter in the depths o' some barren rock—but the top was always worth it!"

He was in Wellington, infant capital of New Zealand, when a ripple of excitement ran through the town. Gold in the Kimberleys! Gold to be shovelled up into burrows like road metal!

There was no Twentieth Century

excitement in those days. Every town and settlement in Australia and New Zealand was full of rough, tough young men who had already crossed the world to seek their fortune.

Most of them, like Jesse and his pal, Pete Nelson, had worked their passages in hard-driven sailing ships all the way from Sweden at a shilling a month and board.

By accident the word was passed the port. The barge "Kamiah Lam" was unloading timber in Wellington Harbor. Suddenly the dockwork was stopped up by the invasion of 50 rugged adventurers.

No money was needed. Captain L. Holmes, who was placed in charge of the expedition, was a Swedish-born navigator, who was to serve Wellington as a pilot for 54 years.

In a few days Wellington was sold out of picks, shovels, working gear, weapons, and other things likely to be of use in the jungle ahead. Thirty boxes were shipped ahead, to face the fearful prospect of a month-long journey in unimproved style on the already cluttered deck. Drugs were provided by a young druggist named Wood, later to invent a certain Great Peppermint Cure.

The crowded barge headed out of Wellington into a howling squall.

The worst sufferers were the barren. Fourteen of them had to be heaved over in the first week; but by then the southerly had blown itself out. Captain Holmes took the barge, inside the Great Barrier Reef and slammed her northward at a fast clip.

At last the barge got around the Cape, worked her way through Torres Strait, and headed into the Gulf of Carpentaria.

And then—the breaking. There was a hot, sun-blazed beach, a makeshift wooden stage for small boats, and a yelling horde of people on the shore. Both came off. The first was named

by an Auckland merchant, who was already an business in the heated town. Bells and rattles lightened most of the tools and baggage ashore. With wild excitement the would-be diggers worked and packed their gear and lugged it to what came to be known as Three-Mile Camp.

There, after a few days of frenzied preparation, diggersmen had gone. Streaming down the long barren trail from the Kimberleys came party after party of ragged and exhausted men. Some were asked except for a hair-cloth or the remains of a tattered pair of trousers, many were bareheaded and bleeding. They were the diggers—the early ones—struggling back to civilization after two months of fruitless groping for gold.

A game started at Three-Mile. Axes-hoes sprang into being everywhere on the locality. Double-barrelled guns that had cost \$12 were sold for a pound each, revolvers by the dozen changed hands at 4/6 and less. Horrors went off at \$1. Even the diggers packed up what little gear remained to them and retreated.

In a few days nearly 1000 men were in Darwin, suffering in the heat, maddled with fever and dysentery. The "Kamiah Lam" was gone, and no other ship was to sight.

Pete and Jesse did not give up so easily. Somehow or other they acquired a horse—all mumps and ribs, it seemed, but it carried their gear through 600 miles of hellish desolation to the Kimberleys.

Then their pack of equipment slumped on the trail. Jesse and Pete arrived, better fitted out than they had left. Wellington. They sold the horse and some of the gear right there. Please guess they ate the horse all the following week, at half-a-crown a portion, as an opportunistic Chinese hash-house? and prospecting for a clean. There were

**A WARNING OF PITFALLS
AWAITING WISTFUL
WOLVES**

Man are moulded much
alike
Just a band of brothers
But women claim that some
men are
Much stouter than others

—LARON

plenty to choose from. Around the site of the original strike the first ground was pock-marked with a thousand holes, most of them already deserted.

They packed out one of these and went to work. It was the last stage of their quest for that quick wealth—a so-called shovel hole in the ground, a pick and shovel, and a temperature sufficient to fry a man's brains.

And then, unbelievably, they struck oil. Not much, it is true, but enough to allow them to quit with an handsome profit. It was a pocket, no more—first dust, then a little cluster of nuggets, then more dust, and finally nothing. The lot made a heavy little bag that a man could hold easily in one hand. They dug on for a full week before they were sure there was no more.

"Time the go," said Jamie one evening over their meal of tea and bannock. "There's a hole I'll be bidden, down in the Skotland. There's fishes' there, an' a man, may rest an' look at the provisions around him."

"Hell with that!" growled Pete. "But you're right. We'll get out to the coast, davy up—then I'll grab a boat to another field."

For three days they combed the dapples for horses, but not a one could they find. Only a few dozen muskrat remained now, and the Chianee were winging the last gnaty grubs from the field. Then they found something they decided would do—a wheelbarrow!

It was a great clumsy Oriental affair of a barrow, with the wheel in the center and the tray built round it, but the load was surprisingly balanced that way. They piled it with dried food, the best of their gear, and as much water as they could get and set out.

It wasn't so easy. Tree-throwing and sand-sage sticky creek beds sapped their strength, so that after the first few days they were making less than 15 miles from shore to coast. They began to dig up their star, every-thing but the rapid water.

The day after they changed the gear, the "wheelbar" jumped them. Jamie swore they were loaded up with their own skins. They stood and fought, but there were no fights against them and the combat was well-timed. Jamie wore his dressed suit and turned to smother another when a shotgun blasted from cover and his knee buckled beneath him. Something hit him behind the ear.

When he came to it might have been hours or days later. His first feeling was that he was moving, rolling forward somehow in a sitting position, his wounded leg stuck out stiffly before him. Then he found he was on the wheelbarrow, lying back against the wheel-rolling. Pete was in the harness behind him, pushing steadily ahead.

Jamie does not know how long he was on that barrow. He has no re-

collection of talking with Pete, but he knows early that the gold was gone, that they had been left for dead by the Chianee, and that Pete had managed to treat his own wounds, clean and splint Jamie's broken leg, and lead him on the barrow.

It wouldn't have been long then 400 miles—it might have been much more. Jamie remembers pleading with Pete to drop him and the barrow and go on alone, remembers the set face saying nothing, the unchangeable firmness conserving his energy for the main effort. And Pete Robins, goldseeker as'-n-de-well, rolling stone, expert and gallant comrade, finally made it.

When they reached the coast, both men were delirious. The diggers who found them tried to prize Pete's hands

loose from the shafts. Jamie had a cracked skull, festering wounds in the head and right leg, and a horse which was already snuffing death. It was sufficient to keep him down and helpless for more than three weeks. During that time Pete vanished.

"What became of him?" I asked. The old Scotman shrugged. "He heard of another strike, an' jumped a boat, as he said. I did a mile o' prospectin' manse", after that, but he'd did I find him. But late here, he'd— if ye ever ran across Pat, Robins—he'd be ill at the barracks—till him James McPherson's got a lady boat-stand at the third corner, where a man can take at government—an' half belongs the boat."



DOORBELLS AND SCREWBALLS

GERALD REYDEN-BROWN



Timing door-to-door handshakes who tempt you day after day "just to look at their samples" have their uses.

MAYBE someday, I'll give up journalism and go to work. And if I do, I've got my job all picked out. I'm going to call from house to house to fix refrigerators, check the radio, read, sew and things, or even just sell brushes!

I decided that after a year the other day with a shop named . . . well, just call him BIL.

BIL has spent a fairly long . . . and wide . . . life on what I would call a door-to-door handshaking. He has serviced every possible variety of product from electric wafers to spinning

devices. He has taken lots of names for the company. He has sold everything from luncheon to egg-brothers, and collected for each order company and his purchases from.

London, to BIL.

I was peddling "brushes" (vacuum cleaners) on the North Shore a while ago. Nice, girl opened the door. Looked as though she hadn't been married long. She said she'd like to see a demonstration of the machine, so I began to set it up. After a minute or so she married herself, saying she'd be back in a

moment. I waited for about 15 minutes, then I found a key in the front door and a woman's voice calling me.

With her eyes sticking out, she asked what I was doing there. I said I was waiting to give a demonstration for the lady of the house. The old girl gave a squeak and ran for her bedroom. I heard her phoning for the police.

When they arrived, I gathered the young police had been a cat burglar. She'd got away with a ring—diamond and jewelry. I never did give a demonstration in that house!

You'd be surprised the trouble people can cause. There are the "W.I. can help me" experts. Here I HAD them! They don't want to buy anything, but they need a strong man to help them. It may be to hang a picture or to move a piece of furniture. Perhaps the lights have fused or the gas has gone off. Maybe a window has stuck, or a boy won't turn in the back.

The things I've been asked to do! I've cleared a blocked drain, put water in a gas meter at one house, and taken some out at another. I've caught a runaway cow (and parrot twice). I've rescued cats from trees and raised a cat because I was asked to rescue some dumpy tabby from the double walk of a building.

More than once I have been asked to button up dresses, once to tie a dress bow for a man. Why he was wearing full evening dress at 11 in the morning, I'll never know.

Sometimes I have been asked to run errands. Perhaps to the local butcher or grocer. "Because I have something on the stove and I can't leave it!" I talked to one woman about a new radio for two hours. She looked at my catalogue and listened, agreeing with everything I said. But when I brought out the form with the dotted line, she gasped:

"Oh, but we don't want a radio! We're leaving for England on Wednesday!"

I said: "Madam, please? Why didn't you tell me that before instead of allowing me to talk for two hours?" She smiled brightly: "Oh, but my husband will be selling radios in England, and I wanted to see if you had some good arguments I could give him!"

Yet some people are decent. I often get a cup of tea, now and then a beer. Lunch is not unusual, especially when I've made a sale. One woman wanted me to come back that evening and make a fourth at bridge, but I figured her husband would take a dim view of that.

I was asked once to take two kids for the day while I did my rounds in the service car. Maria wanted to spend the day in town. I turned that down; but it's hard to understand the mentality of a woman who will trust two young children—guys at that—with a total stranger.

I've walked into some beautiful family brews, too. On a refrigerator service job, I separated a young couple who might otherwise have killed each other. We drank the beer that was in the refrigerator . . . after I'd fixed it. Then the trouble broke out again and the pair of them turned on me!

Dogs are another matter. I've lost several pairs of pants to dogs, but the owners have always replaced them . . . the pants, not the dogs. On the North Shore, near Plymble, I was walking up the drive of a fine home. I was carrying carpenter tools and a steel bottle of sulphur dioxide (which smells).

Suddenly a huge Alsatian came galloping down the drive with teeth all bared and snarled. The thing could have taken off an arm or leg. I dropped the tools and aimed the steel

MEOW-MEOW DEPARTMENT. So help us, latest flash from Hollywood reports a conversation between two jiffar glamour girls . . . you know, the kind who'd just love to land one of those fat and funny eating roles usually reserved for top-flight stars. Exclaimed the first: "Don't it wonderful Anne Alyson's having a baby?" Second starlet remarks with wonderment: "What's so wonderful about that?" she asks, "I thought you loathed the Almighty?" "That's right, I do," replies Starlet One proudly. "But she'll be off the stage for a whole year, and maybe now I'll get a chance."

—From Photoplay, the world's greatest motion picture magazine.

bottle at the dog. Just before he pounced, I opened the valve and allowed a stream of liquid starch to smother that howling fur in the face. I never saw a dog stop so quickly, look so hurt or disappear so rapidly!

At one house a woman assured me that her enormous Aurochs was chained up. He was—in a steel clothesline running down the side of the house. I came in at the gate and the Aurochs came down the line like a blondi trace! I passed a team going out.

Yes . . . dogs and me . . . we're allergic. Whenever I see one, I remember an oldster . . . you might call him one of the grand-daddies of modern science . . . because carpet-baggers weren't so frequent in his day.

Well, this oldster was a green-grocer and he wandered round a certain Australian country town in a horse and drag.

He had a way of paddy-upping the horse by rocking to and fro on the crum as if he was rowing a boat. Which was why they called him "The Sculler" . . . "The Sculler" would have

been a better name if not ask me. Anyway, there was a house on "The Sculler's" rounds where they had-bought two large and blood-thirsty collies.

When "The Sculler" first made the acquaintance of these canines, he was prepared to treat them as budding acquaintances, if not bosom friends. The collies made a very good impression and they were on "The Sculler's" heels. Then they leaped at him like two ravenous wolves.

"The Sculler" just had time to fend them off with his basket before departing at speed. He passed through the front gate safely . . . but he left the seat of his trousers inside.

Naturally, he reached the conclusion that his life was endangered by visiting that house, but he couldn't afford to lose a customer . . . not in those days.

He presented the housewife with an ultimatum. He would throw the vegetable over the fence if she would toss back the money into the street. On no other condition would he even pause at the dwelling.

He was the only green-grocer in

town as there was nothing else for it. He did . . . and the housewife did . . . and it continued so long as the collies lived.

It may seem something that both houses expired in mysterious circumstances not many months afterwards.

Sometimes a sale will exhaust even the salesman. It happened to me, once. I was doing Waverley, Sydney, with orders of all types. I walked past a dilapidated weatherboard shack, thinking it would be a waste of time to call.

As I was leaving the house next to the shack, an old woman put her hand over the fence and asked what I was selling. I told her. She grinned. "Ohay. As a matter of fact, I want one. What do they sell?"

I showed her the catalogue and quoted prices of everything from painted models at a few quid to an

enormous console job that had a nine-valve dual-wave radio, an electric gramophone, a small cocktail cabinet and record storage. The price of this jockey's dream was £110—in those days—and, believe it or not, that was what the old girl bought! Not only bought, but paid for in cash, with notes from a tin cabinet. She ordered a hundred records . . . and paid cash for those, too. I invited the old lady day for her, and the door of the shack was so uneven that I had to build the legs of the console up with scraps of wood.

I've met a lot of people in this dear-to-dear game, but few salesman ever stick it. Somehow, I think most of them get discouraged after a while. I don't blame them.

For a student psychologist, the job of salesman would give more education in a week than two years in a classroom. Yes, I know!



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS . . . No. 71

Langston was more than a tennis champ—she was tennis itself; but temperament took her too far.

FRANK BROWNE



the Sauciness of SUZANNE

THE crowd that packed the Wimbledon Centre Court stands that summer day in 1911 was stunned.

The legend of the tennis immortality of Mrs. Lambert Chambers was being broken. Tall, graceful, every inch a champion in appearance, the seven times Wimbledon title holder had never been pushed right out before.

Of course, her rival had youth on her side, being a mere twenty. Playing on grass for the first time in her life, after the hard courts of

her native France, she had need through the distracting sounds as impossible style. But nobody expected her to give Mrs. Chambers much real trouble.

Yet, here at the end of the first game, in the first set, was Mrs. Chambers looking worried. Her opponent had taken the first game without losing a point.

The astounded crowd saw the challenger was extremely ugly, graceless girl—side up a lead of four games, hitting with a force that

had never before been sent from a woman.

Then the challenger's manner got to work. She got her opponent to run into the net, and began passing her with adroitness.

The 4-4 lead dropped to 4-1, soon the score was 4-3. The title-holder had a lapse in the next game, the score became 5-1. The challenger served and went to forty-love.

Mrs. Chambers then showed why she had her reputation. She played two perfectly judged drop shots, finally got up to win the game—and then the lead—to make the score five-all. She went into an 8-8 lead, and required only one point for the set. The title girl at the other end must have been worried, but she didn't show it. She got a blinding service point to win one and took over only in the next three games to go to 8-7.

She took the first set at 10-1.

But Mrs. Chambers made short work of her in the second set, winning 6-1.

The experts noted how dazed the challenger looked. Not a hint at this one, they wrote.

They were amazed when the girl ran to a lead of 4-1. Mrs. Chambers, however, pulled up. In thirty minutes the champion led 6-4, and 9-15. One more point to clinch the title.

She served, the challenger drove deep to the baseline. Then she changed the net. Everybody expected the champion to pass her with one of the shots that had won so many points in previous games. Back came the ball. Up that the challenger's racket; the ball dropped back over the net to an unplayable position.

From that point the tide turned. The challenger took the set, went on to the set — and the title.

The same that they wrote on the cover of title-holders was Suzanne Langston. She was to win the title five times more and establish herself as the dominating personality, not only in women's tennis, but in tennis generally.

What she did to Mrs. Chambers when they met in the final of the 1910 Wimbledon title shows what she must have been like at her top. She blasted Mrs. Chambers 6-1, 6-0.

The first impression that people got from meeting in Langston was "what an ugly woman." She was short and slight, with a tanned face whose two outstanding features were an enormous hooked, French-like nose, and a very big mouth. Her eyes blazed fiercely like a tiger's. But her ugliness vanished out there in the center, with a racket in her hand, a racket wrapped in a grip which, according to all tennis, was all wrong — she placed her thumb across the broad front head of the handle. There, she played with the grace of a ballerina.

She was, of course, hard to get on with. From the time that she started playing tennis (at the age of seven), her father, a strong Frenchman, drilled it in to her that not only had she to be self-confident, and tolerated, but that she had to make sure that she gave nothing away to opponents. She played to the rules, but that is all. If a show of temperament would help her in any given situation, then she turned it on.

She was defeated only once.

This was in 1910 when she went to America to play in the National Championships. Two days after she stepped off the ship, without a chance to practice or get used to the larger and harder American tennis balls, Langston found herself facing the title-holder, Mrs. Molly Mallory.

She dropped the first set and was

It must be that Yankee brat! A National Safety Council official in Chicago was to judge a poster competition. Subject of the posters was "How Not to Slip on The Ice!" On the way home, the official slipped and broke his arm. Equally weird was the result of over-exhaustion. Two friends, rushing to greet one another, collided head-on. One broke his skull, the other his leg.

trailing 2-0 in the second. She walked off the court denouncing everything, an act that the Yanks never forgive her. So Miss Mallory was indignantly the victor, although nobody in their right mind would ever compare her with the great Suzanne.

In 1926, there arrived in Europe a girl whom the Yanks claimed would put an end to the Lenglen supremacy. A poker-faced, business-lust called Helen Wills.

The pair met at Cannes in the final of the Carlton Club tournament.

Off they went. Although Suzanne won the first game to love, it was obvious that Helen Wills was the more thing to a match she had struck in seven years. Lenglen, playing like a rock, went on to take the set 2-0.

In the second set, Wills turned on the hard-hitting. She really unsettled the French girl, went to a 2-1 lead. Then Lenglen slowed the game up and got up to square it at 2-2.

Fortune also-smiled until the game went to five-all.

Lenglen pulled out to 8-4, and led 9-15 on her own service. Then Wills hit a firebrand shot. Somebody called "Out!" The players rushed to the net and shook hands. Spectators and photographers rushed onto the court.

Suddenly the voice of the umpire announced that the shot had not been called out by the lineperson, but by a spectator. The game wasn't over.

Suzanne showed what a champion she was by going back, setting down again, and winning 8-6, in total victory in straight sets.

There is a school of thought, principally American, which claims Helen Wills as the greatest women player of all time. But on records, the pair only met once — and Lenglen won.

There is another yardstick. In 1920, after Suzanne had been out of the game seven years, she played with Helen Wills, who was capable of something Wills at most times. According to Helen Wills, she feared that Lenglen was her master at every department of the game.

A few months after the victory over Helen Wills, Suzanne Lenglen again came to Wimbledon. It was not only Wimbledon, but Jubilee Wimbledon, the fifteenth anniversary of the foundation of the All-England Championships, which had grown to become virtual World Championships.

Lenglen played her first two rounds and was set down for the Centre Court on the third round.

Queen Mary, one of her warmest supporters, was there in the Royal Box. The time for the game arrived and Lenglen's opponent came out. But so Suzanne. Five, ten minutes — and nothing happened. Hammer speed like wild-fire. Lenglen was being difficult; she wouldn't go in. The order in which the matches were being played didn't suit her.

Nothing happened on the Centre Court for forty minutes. The Queen

was making inquiries. Askward court officials began making enquiries in the dressing room below, the champion sat, looking straight in front of her. In came Jean Borotra, the flamboyant Boogeyer, who had twice won the Wimbledon title, to plead with her.

Still nothing doing. Finally, someone else began to beg. That was Lendlen. She began to get nervous, not to play tennis, but to walk out of tennis — at any rate, at least tennis.

So-to-been said Suzanne and let the cheers that she had known — Suzanne Lenglen stood out.

She turned pro and made a tour of the States, but the galleries in America had never forgiven her walk-out of 1921. The Wimbledon incident also rankled. The tour was a financial flop. She retired that year.

Suzanne Lenglen died in 1935, aged only 35, having achieved the unique distinction of becoming a legend in her own time.

CUT OFF

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



YOUR ENEMY

the heart

HOWARD SHANNON



Heart disease is rapidly rising to the top of the catalogue of life fatal to humanity.

YOU will be hearing a lot more about heart disease and associated circulatory ailments in the years just ahead.

This was a recent observation of one of the foremost authorities on the subject in America, Dr. Alfred E. Cohn, scientist-physician and

member emeritus of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

The more Dr. Cohn and his fellow scientists and heart specialists delve into their subject, the more they are baffled in their search. Figures released by the U.S. Public Health Service show that there are

more 3,200,000 Americans with heart disease.

According to the estimates of this government agency—estimates based on the most elaborate survey of the subject ever undertaken—there will be 100,000 deaths this year due to heart and circulatory ailments in this country. Deaths from all other causes will total about the same number in other words, heart disease now accounts for just about half of all deaths.

The U.S. Health Service study shows that women have heart trouble more often than do men. That may be accounted for by the fact that women live an average of six years longer than men. There is a strong indication that this difference in the average life span of the two sexes is the explanation, since women also have a higher proportion of the less serious circulatory ailments.

It is also notable that heart attacks are not nearly as likely to be fatal or disabling in the case of women. Only 25 per cent. of women die from the initial heart attack, compared to 40 per cent. for men. The big killer among men is disease of the heart itself, such as coronary thrombosis, cholesterol heart and angina pectoris.

A partial explanation of why so little is known about the basic facts of the heart may be that it was less than four centuries ago that circulation of the blood was discovered by William Harvey. He arrived at the modern conception of how the circulatory system functions.

With every beat of the heart approximately 8 ounces of the life fluid are forced into the pulmonary artery which carries it to the lungs. Some one has taken the trouble to figure out that this means that in the course of 75 years this busy little

pump moves a total of 165 million gallons. That every pulse of pressure would propel an automobile a distance equivalent to nearly 25,000 times the circumference of the earth.

No one is-dies even, pasted to understand the marvel of this bundle of muscle, which never has as much as two seconds rest while you are alive.

No other body tissue is even remotely like the heart muscle. None is so complex and so little understood.

There is a great variation among individuals in the rate at which the normal heart beats. It has been found to range from as low as 50 beats a minute to as high as 100. On the average the female heart has 2 more pulsations per minute than the male. That of a new born babe is twice as fast as the heart of an adult.

Despite of this pumping mechanism itself fall into two main groups—those of the valves and of the heart walls. The most common cause of disease to the valves is an infection, rheumatic or otherwise. Distortion of the heart walls is frequently an aftermath of sickness such as influenza. Under any kind of strain or excessive activity there is considerable distortion of the normal heart. But the dilation was reversible, unless the organ is weakened by disease.

Circulatory ailments, including diseases of the large coronary arteries which nourish the heart itself, are almost entirely due to arteriosclerosis or hardening of the arteries. As time passes a fatty deposit called cholesterol accumulates in the walls of the arteries, partially closing them and greatly reducing their elasticity. It happens to every son of Adam from birth to old age and begins to be-

ANIMAL ANTICS (VIII)

Archibald A. Adder is nervous about his lot.

Some folks daign to nod to him, but mostly they do not.

The bene impatience of the world has cut him to the quick.

The Nation (and the State of it) make him feel roused up.

He lurks in silent solitude—you might say underground—

And views with satisfaction the gymnastics of the pound.

He scowls for the follies of a democratic age

And the pleasures others get from it have turned him black with rage

He crouches darkly in the shade with lowly, lying head;

It's only when he means to strike, you see his belly's Red.

—JAY-PAY

come serious for most men and women around 40.

But what about the most serious forms of heart disease, the symptoms and what to do? The two most common causes of sudden and fatal termination of heart activity are coronary occlusion and angina pectoris. It is one or the other of these which is popularly known as a "heart attack."

Coronary occlusion or thrombosis means simply that one of the main heart passages or vessels has been plugged by a clot of blood or tissue.

Little is known as to why the blood may suddenly clot in its passage through the heart, but there have been a number of recent discoveries of drugs which sharply reduce the tendency. One of the puzzling features of thrombosis is that it usually

occurs while the individual is asleep or at rest. Some of the authorities, however, insist that investigation reveals that there was unusual physical activity or emotional stress in the previous 24 or 48 hours.

You will know it if and when you have such an attack—if you are lucky enough to survive. It is accompanied by an acute agony under the chest bone, extending to one or both arms. The pain comes and goes rhythmically.

"It is the nearest thing to labor pains a man can ever have," is a graphic account. "A man experiencing a thrombotic attack writhes in the same rhythmic spasm."

In sharp contrast to a thrombotic attack of angina are ordinary pre-existence, mild at first and becoming increasingly severe. And invariably

they are preceded with physical activity, though of a comparatively mild nature. An attack of this nature can be even more consciously painful than a thrombotic. Characteristically, it is a sharp, stabbing pain under the breast bone which usually spreads out to the middle of the left arm and sometimes all the way down the arm. A sense of strangulation is characteristic. There may be a splitting headache for good measure.

Though angina pectoris is more of a meniality ailment than a disease of the heart, even men make subject to it than women. It is a circulatory ailment in that it only occurs when the coronary arteries which surround the heart itself are heavily encrusted with cholesterol. That is, when they are so hardened that they can't accommodate themselves to a little extra pressure due to physical activity.

Most of the better specialists today prescribe regular and moderate doses of alcohol for the angina sufferer. Alcohol relaxes the tension of the pleuritic system and there is considerable evidence that it tends to

retard the rate at which cholesterol is deposited in the pipes.

Here is the paraphrased prescription of an old and wise San Francisco specialist, Dr. Charles Minor Cooper, for the man with an ailing heart:

1. Bring your weight down to normal. Do it gradually, never overloading the stomach and lifting and exerting only in a moderate way.

2. Cut down the extent and speed of all physical activities. Be nothing that will make your breath come fast even though this means curtailment of some youthful pleasures. Avoid physical effort after meals.

3. Don't work your mind weary.

4. Keep your emotions in check.

Go home when tired or angry.

5. Be placid.

6. Stop smoking.

That's a lot of good advice, though there is still much dispute among medical laymen as to whether smoking is harmful to the heart. All are agreed, however, that a middle-aged man who takes a wife 20 or 25 years his junior is gambling heavily.



Ripe eggs for Romeo

There has never been a Romeo quite like Mr. Roberto Costas for which audience gives praise.

GAY DOYLE



If all the world loves a lover, then Mr. Robert Julius "Romeo" Costas was the dramatic exception provided by providence to prove the rule.

Not that he didn't do his best to be The Perfect Lover. As did, but — at the mere sight of him — the stages of England became littered with sufficient vegetable matter and even-cowdier hen-lit to outfit a thriving shade of grovegroves.

Every kind, of course, has its imitators of theatrical poise. Yet, because Mr. Costas, they hide into nonexistence. Above them all, he was Pure Certified A-Grade Real . . .

It appears that American must ac-

cept some share of responsibility for Mr. Costas. After all, it was on the West Indies island of Antigua that he was born in 1776, oldest son of a planter millionaire . . . whose two partners were seen diamonds and the drama.

And it was in Antigua that Mr. Costas first set foot upon the boards. In 1798 the Antiguans formed a dramatic company. With them, Mr. Costas stepped into the glow of the lamplight . . . which immediately paled before the sparkling brilliance of his unassailable poise.

An old historian has reported: "En-compassed by the elephant-like trans-

formings of the band, meted by the standards of the Colonel, Mr. Costas glided his diamonds back his sword, raised his left arm to heaven, died, and resuscitated . . . until he attempted "Romeo" and outshone himself in all respects. Mr. Costas presented himself as "Romeo," died in a quivering clasp of desperate pain, crimson perspiration and a white hot forehead with feathers, hot, clock, postclocks, as well as his hair and shoe-buckles, all adorned with diamonds.

Antigua thundered its applause. Mr. Costas took the bit in his teeth. He set sail for England . . .

He was to be the starlet when he descended upon a polished British world of London.

Mr. Costas landed as regular that week his "Romeo" get-up almost heavenly. He delivered his letters of introduction, "stepped in the rightmost turn despite the hot and humid weather, seemingly surrounded by a haze of rainbow-changing glory, for the light of diamonds was part of his being, under the first he wore a blue velvet coat's headpiece—so ornamented with frogged beads (and diamonds), and a very high white shirt collar, about which was tied a magnificently tatted bandana handkerchief (pinned with another diamond), his legs were encased in flaring hose, whose tops were adorned with large bands of diamonds."

To this he added a huge sword, "shaped like a well-shielded." Drawn he drew snow-white horses, it was painted "a deep lake colour." On his doors it carried Mr. Costas's handkerchief . . . a cooler life-size, with outstretched wings and, over it, the motto: "While I live I'll love." To cap everything, the steps of this telescoping carriage were also carved in the form of a crowing cock.

It is reported that Beau Brummell

took one long glance at coat and costume, ordered a dozen bottles of brandy, and retired to his bedchamber for four days.

But Mr. Costas refused to be dismayed. He had come to England to win theatrical triumph . . . or in this it can have been only a matter of seconds that he was not disappointed on his opening night.

Scarcely an actor, Mr. Costas presented a learned producer (appropriately named Diamonds) to star here.

He selected "Romeo and Juliet" for his premiere. He also selected the garments which had secured Antigua.

The only explanation why the criticism was not rung down until Act V, is that British audiences also were stunned. But in Act V the storm broke. A hundred houses were watching while Mr. Costas (in the person of "Romeo") pulled a crowbar (a pole upon "Juliet's") handle. He leaped. The crowbar, shooting from his hands plummeted earthwards. With an expanded yelp, Mr. Costas was observed to be hopping, one-legged, across the stage as his manager desperately at an injured leg too. Only a rushing retreat into the wings saved him from being crushed to death under an avalanche of rotten structure.

It was a debut which might well have quenched any lesser man. Not so Mr. Costas. Within a few weeks, he was repeating his performance. This time things showed signs of getting much more smoothly. Nothing deadlier than stage poise had been known when Mr. Costas reached the stage: "Oh, let me know, I stand on rotten heels!" Unfortunately, he followed this pleasantly plea by collapsing on hands and knees and commencing to crawl frantically around the stage. "Come all! Come all!" the prompter could be heard wailing pitifully. "No!" Mr. Costas was under-

THERE'S a woman who keeps him in her bedroom. She says she does it for his health. And she's 75-year-old Mrs Evelyn Sweet, of Wilburton, Surrey, England. May have sung her 3000 to 3000 times a year . . . but Mrs Sweet doesn't mind at all. She believes the stings keep her free from rheumatism. She has 25 hives on her back-ribs. At night, if she cannot sleep, she switches on the light and watches the bees.

aimed to retort sufficiently "I must tag my diamond knee buckle first!"

The audience was so enraptured that—except for one egg—he was allowed to finish the play unopposed.

Which proved to be a very serious mistake. Mr. Coster condemned to be killed for a third performance.

Strongly enough, nothing whatever was thrown on this occasion. The solo casualties were several young blades who laughed themselves so sick that they had to be carried outside.

Increased by this levity, Mr. Coster glared at the society in the boxes and belowhand: "Ducks, have at you all! Wharupon the gallery promptly rose in a body and—collectively and individually—challenged Mr. Coster to a duel to wipe out the insult.

Mr. Coster thought it best to ignore them. He was, however, a man who could take a hint. He desisted from Romeo and became the villain in "The Fair Perilous" instead. Moreover, he equipped himself with a

bodyguard . . . a Baron de Gersbach, who bore the baron's reputation of once having challenged an enemy to mortal combat on the top of Mount Etna, the fellow contestant to find his death in the crater of the volcano.

To almost nothing, Mr. Coster took the proposition of changing his seat for the first night of the "Perilous," he wore "a dress of the utmost richness . . . a species of silk like shawl silk, from his shoulders, hung a streamer of pink silk fringed with ball-hair, around his neck was a gorget richly set with jewels, at his side was a gold-budded sword, at his feet were silver shoes, fastened with large diamond buckles."

Mr. Coster served as the agent for an outbreak of over-shattering tumult and a barrage of ripe eggs. Outraged and out-gunned, he reluctantly confessed defeat and omitted the last act. The Baron tumbled like Stone but failed to erupt.

Nevertheless, the only noticeable result was that Mr. Coster was egged too far intended on to raise rebellion during The next night, he was again featured in "The Perilous." Foulard as it sounds, he was returned on an almost holy altar. It may have been out of respect for His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who was among those present . . . or (and much more likely) to the attendance of Police Chief Leverrier and his grandsons, who had been invited by a nervous management—but the fact remains that Mr. Coster was even permitted to play the last act.

This was distinctly bad luck for Mr. Coster, who was now representing "a dark seducer." In the final scene, while the seducer watched his death throes, a purple-eyed customer seized at his nearest shield from his head and rolled, head-wise, to the back-drop. And—when the

lighted villain rose to his feet and a lone handkerchief on the stage and, shaking off his coat, tossed it easily on the handkerchief before dropping pretense, to resume his doing—joy was unobscured.

In clearing watches retained on the shores of the social spectacle, among the highly-colored crowd came three separate times.

Which is where Mr. Coster evidently decided to demonstrate that he could be The Perfect Lover in fact as well as theory.

It was another Italian boy. Mr. Coster played out at the object of his affection a Miss Tynley Long. He had scarcely begun to woo her when he learned that his bodyguard, the Baron, was waiting her, too. The Baron was whispering deathly about him and Mr. Coster was pallid as his pink when they both discovered simultaneously that the Duke of Clarence had staked a prior claim.

Mr. Coster—and the Baron—happily reverted to "Romeo."

Perhaps it would have been better had they dared the Duke. But such a match would have been agreed on, when Mr. Coster stopped once on stage, he took not only his own life, but the lives of his fellow players, as well, into his hands. He was armed with such poisons that—when he sprang upon an "Romeo and Juliet"—his leading lady caught one terrible glimpse of him and choked, screaming hysterically, at the scene from which she could not be rescued.

Moreover—according to the historians "Mr. Coster was often considerably annoyed during the Tomb scene by shouts of "Why don't you die?"

But the arrow which was to break Mr. Coster's back was deposited one night when "Romeo" had just slain "Juliet."

While Mr. Coster stared distractedly at his victim, a baronet, seated straightly and sedulously onto the stage, flapped its wings symmetrically, and began to move.

Mr. Coster tossed in the (presumably egg-stained) towel. Abandoning all hope of ever being the Perfect Lover, he determined to become a third married man. He wed—where he was just 45-45-year-old Miss Emma Anne Robinson.

They lived together for the next twenty-five years until, on February 13, 1886, a queer-looking carriage, drawn by a dirty-gray horse, dashed along Russell Street just as an old gentleman ran from a theatre. There was "a high, appeared sound like the crowing of a cock."

Mr. "Romeo" Coster had been run over by a cheap machine of his own coach. He died on the following Sunday, aged 73.

His widow undertook her expense of him by marrying his last friend in less than twelve months.



THE END of Arguments



Can a hummingbird fly at 600 miles an hour?

No—but it can do almost anything else. Hummingbirds can fly forwards, backwards or sideways, sideways in the air. The speed with which they get under way and stop, added to their small size and nervousness of the observer, gives an impression of terrific speed, but it is impossible that a hummingbird can reach as much as 60 miles an hour, even for a short distance.

What is the difference between "Irishness" and "identical" twins?

"Irishness" comes may be of different sorts and is more alike than single children in the same family. Each is produced by a separate cell. "Identical" twins are produced by the splitting of a single egg cell before fertilization. They are clones of the same sex and blood group and have a close resemblance, both mental and physical.

Does it ever get cold at the Equator?

Sometimes. Temperatures remain about equal from month to month on the equator if you stay at sea level. Ocean Island, in the Pacific, near the equator, has a mean temperature of 53 in January and about the same in July. Sea islands, exposed to trade winds, are not so hot as inland islands, such as in Africa and South America. But altitudes may make all

the difference. Quito, in Ecuador, lies almost directly on the equator, but it is 15,000 feet above the sea and has one of the most temperate climates in the world.

Are there any United States roads without a speed limit?

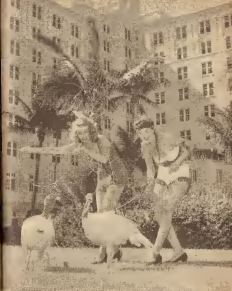
Several, mostly in the Middle West, have no legal speed limit. The law merely demands that driving be "reasonable and proper." This permits teacher enforcement against careless or reckless drivers. Other roads, however, have set speed limits. On the Pennsylvania Turnpike, for example, 70 miles an hour is legal tops.

What is the distance from the earth to the sun?

By latest calculations (made by Dr. Dirk Browner, director of Yale Observatory), the mean distance to the sun is 92,955,800 miles, with a probable error of 25,000 miles either way. This compares favorably with the commonly used figure of 92,000,000 miles, fairly an uncertainty of 11,500 miles! announced some years ago by the Astronomer Royal of England, Sir Harold Spencer Jones. The United States estimate is based on 5200 calculations during the years 1922 to 1942 for the exact time when the star passed between the earth and a selected star. The British calculations are based on observations of the same planet, Mars.



Shades of the Pilgrim Fathers, look what they're doing in Assenote near Miami Beach has come up with a new one—they're staging paper-charged Turkey Hunts these days. These two madmen, Dorian, by the way, are Sunny Yager and Delores Wiley; their costumes are supposed to be authentic Indian. Well, we don't know about that—but the gibberers are certainly real. How did the girls manage it? Turn the page and



Here it is . . . but they had a double of bows and arrows . . . but
 someone must have told them what happened when Tarzoon shot an arrow
 into the air, remember? It fell to earth, he knew not what . . . and
 he probably got fined as a public nuisance. They're tender-hearted glits,
 you . . . so we missed out on the blood-shed.

But where there's a will, there's a way . . . those two meppets know of
 the answers . . . and all the answers . . . they're using a meat one . . .
 a nice, infectious larrikin . . . and we don't blame the turkeys for looking
 contented about it . . . after all, they're going to end up as guests of honour
 at a dinner-party . . . even if they don't eat.

the hangman chose



The wicked Lord Skarston wasn't worried over anything, but Queen Mary took a poor view.

WALKER HIMES

A BOY's tomb in England's Isle of Wight Cathedral there once stood a silver cross. Today it has disappeared; but it is still remembered as one of the innocent mistakes ever to be placed on a murderer's grave.

It was the neck-cloth which Charles, eighth Lord of Skarston—known in his disappearing contemporary as "The Wicked"—wore when he was hanged without apology from the earth.

Lord Charles' family held great estates in Wiltshire—much of it forest. There was the wide Forest country was a happy hunting ground for poachers—and the Skarstons had strong views about poaching.

There made of dealing with offenders was messy. Lopped heads, feet, noses and ears together with an occasional finger or a tearing out of eyes did little to endear them to their neighbors. And—words

enough—it seems to have done even less to deter poachers—especially a family named Hartgill, to whom poaching was a duty as well as a pleasure.

Charles inherited the title, and the feud between the two clans.

He was soon given an excuse to act. Apparently, the Hartgills were broke. They staged a full-moon, day-light hunt ("with horses and dogs") over Lord Charles' property.

Lord Charles and his men-at-arms followed by the Hartgills' village.

But the Hartgills had been warned. Secretly, they took refuge in the parish church. Unable to respond on holy ground, the hated Lord Charles halted outside.

They were still waiting when Skarston's cat-throats led the Hartgills' favorite horse into the churchyard and shot it through the head with a cross-bow bolt. Hartgill Seneca, who was working from a window, had to be dragged to his door. One of his sons—John—was maddened.

John sped off to seek Royal protection. He tutored passing into London where Queen Mary was looking about. The Queen sent the High Sheriff of Somerset marrying to find out the facts.

The Sheriff found that Lord Charles' explanations were fully unsatisfactory. He briefly lodged the protesting noblemen in the Fleet Prison. The Hartgills cheerily returned home. Lord Charles berated a jailer and also returned home.

The episode seemed to have sobered him temporarily. For the next six or two years he was on his best behavior.

Then the Hartgills arrived once more. They petitioned the Queen about Lord Charles' alleged counterfeiting activities. Displaying an innocence which is not very far from wickedness, the Hartgills rode for

Skarston Court. They were embarking on the road, young John Hartgill being left far dead.

It was plain, less-mistaken. The incensed Queen again popped Lord Charles into the Fleet. Somewhat too trustfully, however, she released him on his promise to honor his dues immediately.

The Hartgills were not so trusting. On the day the money was to be delivered, Skarston appeared with a small army. For a second time, the older Hartgills took refuge in the church tower. Lord Charles begged them to descend. The Hartgills indignantly complied.

A table was placed in the churchyard. On it, Lord Charles roared a pun: "Take your money!" he growled. William Hartgill picked up the pun: "So you are paid," snarled Lord Charles, dragging him by the wrist of the neck. "And arrested!"

As he spoke, his men hauled the Hartgills into the church house. There, the hapless farmers were stripped naked. Hartgill Seneca and his eldest son were dragged forward. They were condemned to be flayed until the flesh had been carved from their bones.

As the mutilated bodies were being burned, the Hartgill man grunted. His throat was slit and he was tipped with his father into a ditch.

The affair was too atrocious even for Lord Charles' hardened fellow peers. With four of his men, he was sentenced to death.

The four men hanged from the gallows at Tyburn. But vulgar humor was too much for Lord Charles' aristocratic neck. He was shocked by a silver cord.

Because of his noble blood, they buried him in Salisbury Cathedral. Because of his crimes, they hung the silver cord above his tomb. The date was March 6, 1582.

Crime Capsules



WARM WELCOME—Mr. Alexander Wagon, a 39-year-old displaced person, is puzzled about the American way of life. Just disembarked in New York, he found himself confined in the subway. Nearly stood a heavy-set man in a dark suit. Stepping over to him, Mr. Wagon said politely, "Hello, my dear sir." The man turned, pulled out a pistol, briefly shot Mr. Wagon, and disappeared. Mr. Wagon is now in hospital, suffering from a superficial wound in the scalp and a headache that caused entirely by the bullet.

TOO EAGER BEAVER—Driving into a service station and nobody appearing to serve him, James McKeown, of Detroit, became annoyed. Leaping from his car, he stormed into the service station office. There, two brinks—who had just taken \$50 dollars from the proprietor of gas-pump—look the customs of Mr. McKeown's wallet, too.

BLOTTED COPY—In the United States, sorting of autographs seems to be almost as profitable as counterfeiting dollar bills. A certain Robert Sprue, having collected a tidy sum working like signatures of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, produced a specimen of the penmanship of the celebrated Confucius's General "Manswell" Jackson. Letters, Sprue said, written to the General's daughter, Penny. Only

after Sprue had sold hundreds of these letters did collectors bother to remember that "Manswell" Jackson never had a daughter.

PRIVATE LIVES—Chattanooga (US) police got a call to go to a crone's house where domestic trouble was apparently raging. They promptly looked the husband on a charge of disorderly conduct. In court, the husband told his story. "My wife and I were arguing," he said, "and I said what I was going to have trouble with her." "Ah," said the judge understandingly, "and a peer will have to prove the claim?" "No, sir, not her," the distraught husband confessed. "You see, I was the one who phoned the police to come and get me."

RULES OF THE ROAD—In Northampton (England), Robert Reed parked his car outside a police station while he went inside to buy tickets for a policeman's ball. Coming out of the station, he found a parking ticket in his car. On the other hand, in Philadelphia (USA), William Larson's car stalled. A sympathetic stranger helpfully stopped and offered to push. No result. The stranger then suggested that he take the wheel while Mr. Larson pushed. Mr. Larson pushed, the engine started, so did the stranger with the car. . . leaving the stranded Mr. Larson marveled at the procedure.



Beauty and the

If a girl isn't afraid to dance in a cage of lions—what would you expect to happen when she faced up to a man?

HENRY CAXTON • FICTION



THE tall dark man with an umbrella in one hand and a microphone in the other stood in the rear outside the ringed tent. A globe of French, mangled and distorted, rang from the loudspeaker above his head. Behind him, a very blonde blonde sat.

"Beauty and the Beasts," read the painted sign outside the booth. . . or rather, "Le Beasts et Les Beas."

I paid five francs and pushed

through the open flap into the tent.

The only light came from a cage against the ceiling. The cage had been turned into a stage with footlights. The bars at the back were hidden by a back-drop streaked with white columns against a dark blue background. Two doors led into the stage. Four fluted wooden columns stood on the floor.

A tiny feature of swamps

Beasts



The lights dimmed; her crimson disk slid to the ground.

swamp; the left-hand door opened and two thin lions clunk on to the stage. They stood blinking.

The back-drop dropped. Through the door to the right appeared the tall dark man. He wore a shabby top hat, a black moustache, a tail coat, riding breeches and leather gaiters. Buried of umbrellas and

microphone. The lions started at him

as he cracked his whip, but they climbed on to the faded columns. Once more the door opened. I saw a young girl, with thin like polished ivory and heavy black-black hair which seemed to pour over her shoulders like molten metal. She was dressed in a full crimson cloak, tight at the neck and sticking to her ankles. Her feet were bare.

BRAGGY DOES ALSO HAVE THREE LIMITATIONS

I taught my hound to stand
and wait;
I thought that he'd do
well
But off he has trotted so far
he is simply doggone!

—LAKON

For a moment she peered against the back-drop, but then completely unperceived. Then she began to avoid so that her attention clock flew out in a wide circle about her, exposing her slender naked legs.

Suddenly, the fringe of her skirt flicked a lion's nose. The lion growled, pounced from its perch, knocking the whip from the tall man's hand. The man fired his pistol.

It was a blank, of course—and, I suppose, part of the act—but the act did not stop dancing. She didn't even a step. The lion returned reluctantly to its perch. The tall man retrieved his whip.

The music changed, the lights dimmed; the girl seemed to hesitate; then halted. The attention clock slid on the ground. She for a piked dip-heel, she was asked.

Her smoothly plain shoes with the red-lined uppers. Her breasts were perfect hemispheres. She had that tiny waist which all artists look for, but seldom find, in their models.

While the audience sat in dead

silence, she slowly protruded herself before the lioness lion. Then, with a little spring, she glided her skirt's short hem and vanished through the back-drop. The lioness was herded from the cage, the man vanished.

I walked home. Pierre, a young French artist whose studio I shared, peered on until I told him of my experience.

"It must be wonderful," he said, "to possess the true romantic imagination. You should have been born in another age. In the meantime, you will take supper and go to bed. I will contact you a few years of my own invention. . . . ruin, romance and a touch of rheumatism for I fear you my delicious!"

The next night was fine and there was a much better queue outside the stage door.

I hadn't been able to prevent Pierre from coming with me. The lioness roared, the lioness leaped at, their trainer on their heels. He leaped expertly on the back-drop. I dropped Pierre's arm. The door swung slowly open. A girl was standing there I guessed.

I was the girl from the cabinet, her hair brassy and her powdered cheeks blatched and tawdry above the crimson cloak. "I agree she is truly magnificent," Pierre whispered. "I have always loved fat, pink legs covered with black hair, but . . ."

I left the tent. Pierre made no attempt to follow me. Trudging under some ropes, I avoided the booth. An old woman was looking against the canvas. The lion tamer was bounding near as I was about to speak when Pierre unexpectedly interrupted me. "Mama," Pierre was saying, "I wish to pay my respects to Madame. . . . I am an artist, of course, and I wish to make sketches of the performance."

"Watch!" stood hard as Pierre, he asked confidently. "I think that

could be arranged," he murmured.

"I will pay five francs a performance," Pierre offered graciously. "But my friend here tells me that Madame has an understanding who sometimes takes her place. Can you tell me when she appears, for I desire only Madame?"

The tall man frowned. "Ah, you saw the disk one last night?" he inquired, turning to me. "You were indeed lucky; it was her only performance."

"Oh, no!" I protested. "Show you an address? I would willingly pay."

Pierre tut-tutted, but the tall man merely looked disappointed.

"I do not know, of course," he confessed tentatively. "She paid me 500 francs to dance once with my lion . . . to see how they would fit into her act or some stupidity, she said."

"Fah!" Pierre deplored. "If she went, she went somewhere," I told them both.

It took me three weeks to find her. At first I merely rambled the streets. But, at last, I had an inspiration. That Oriental dance of lioness was not impossible. . . . someone must have taught her. . . . if I saw the teacher!

I had almost given up hope when I arrived at a cabaret in Montmartre. There a girl danced what was typically described as "a Balinese Temple Dance" . . . it bore some slight resemblance to the girl-in-the-lion's act. From the cabaret danceress I learned the name of her teacher, an Indian who claimed to be an expert on the Orient. It cost me another 500 francs (which I borrowed from Pierre) to press her name out of him.

It was Louise Montochet, I discovered quite a lot about her. Her father was Henri Montochet, a wedding architect. She was his only daughter. She was 19 . . . and stage drunk.

Pierre insisted on tagged about

when I went to the house.

"Leave that to me," he advised firmly. "French diplomacy is required here."

Montochet's Pere was a scholarly old gentleman with a neat white beard.

"Forgive our impudence," Pierre explained, "but we are students of architecture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. We have noticed your house as a fine example of early 18th Century. We seek permission to stay over it."

Montochet's Pere seemed only too ready to accept our modesty.

"I will call my daughter," he said. He pressed a bell and, soon afterwards, someone opened the door. My heart did a little one-two-three. It was the girl. . . . and yet it wasn't her.

She was dressed in a simple frock, her hair was gathered in a tight bun at the base of her neck; only her breasts were bent under her blouse.

Pierre was visibly entranced. The girl led me all to view the house. I cannot describe the place, for I never saw it. I couldn't take my eyes off the girl.

We reached the top floor. The girl brought us to the servants' room. . . . for a long time now, she said, empty. She clicked the latch of a door and stepped inside. I was close behind her. With an hysterical scream, she collapsed into my arms. Pierre rushed downstairs for her father. I carried her to her room. She opened her eyes. They were deep black, the colour of the sky at midnight. "Too sorry," she quavered. "It was a mouse."

I recoiled from a strong suspicion that I was going mad. "But . . . but . . ." I gulped, "don't leave here like some idiot!"

Her beautiful eyes peered deep's into mine. "Lions," she whispered demurely. "Lions are different. . . . mice are not part of my self!"

WATCH for this man

There were women being quietly strangled—and some could confine the murder area to one district.



NOEL TENNANT • FICTION

STEPHENSON was by the morning paper they had started to call it the "Jack the Ripper Case."

It was bound to happen. They certainly had a series of unsolved murders on their hands. Still these women were quietly strangled, not killed as the Ripper killed. And the murder area wasn't confined to one district.

Stephenson stood up. He was wash-

ing time. That proved he was at a dead-end — if he hadn't already reached it.

A list of neatly typed facts was before him. He tried to make something of them again, going over the names of the victims. The dates and locations of the crimes. Notes on any similarity between the cases. That was the usual starting place. He married. The only thing the women

had in common was being alone in an empty street at midnight. Around midnight. Always. Maybe there was some significance there.

The door opened. Stephenson nodded to Mills, asked him whether he'd learnt anything from the line he had followed that morning.

"Hi! Went as far as the others," Mills told him sheepishly. It was the answer Stephenson expected. Had

come to expect after the first murder. There was a kind of ordinariness about it, as though it had been planned exactly, carried through without hitch or disturbance.

"It doesn't make sense," Mills said. "A nurse. A student. A schoolgirl. Nothing definite missing. No connection at all."

Stephenson nodded. "We probably have the motive in the fact that the

Dramatic clues collected from blind persons number about half a dozen in the United States. To move about as naturally as actors with ordinary sight, the blind players walk on narrow strips of carpet to mark a footboard-order instance, several inches in front of a chair, so that the actor may turn and sit down without seeing. When passing a cup of tea, the hostess clicks the spoon to tell the recipient where to reach for the server. If the above could be actors, such as running, a player who can see is included.

whole business is without reason. The result of something twisted, gone wrong in a mind. Our job is to find the culprit, watch for him. Be on the ready every night."

Mills didn't comment. It sounded almost like the way Stephenson put it. They hadn't been on a case together before. He hadn't wanted it now. Not that he had anything against Stephenson. There was simply an incomprehensibility between them and rising from it understanding of one another's work. But the Inspector was right in what he said. They couldn't sort out the irrational features until they had their case. If they got him

During the last weeks every clue had been followed. No matter if they came from the beginning it would lead somewhere. They couldn't afford to leave anything unworked. They went through the histories of the women and their acquaintances, going, too, with the shocked families who couldn't understand their choice however. Mills said it was just as well they could give all their time to the case. Nothing else starting happened.

Next morning the body of a man was found near the wharves. "The Ripper business has got to be a Bl-

low job for me," Stephenson confessed to Mills. "You'd better take over this last find."

He knew it was the last thing Mills wanted, still it had to be done. It was part of the day's work. Just what Mills expected to hear.

Mills left the department, mounting the corpse for the opportunity it had given Stephenson to be rid of him.

Mills didn't stay long at the scene of the crime. The victim had died from a fractured skull. Hit violently from behind. He had been a private inquiry agent. No wonder anybody being knocked off in that locality. Mills decided.

The man's office was the usual headquarters of a second-rate investigator. Mainly they lived on divorce cases and William Robert Clyde had been no exception. Mills searched the desk, found mainly files listing better halves who wanted to have their husbands or wives tracked.

He shrugged and closed the door on all of that. From then the case would be routine, he thought, as most of them were. Ordinary and puzzling routine which left him physically and mentally tired. It wanted time to check the real facts for the department

were handled by men like Stephenson. Better men. Forget it.

His check showed Clyde had been on a job for a client. Nobody could give a reason why he should be killed, but the general details were clear enough.

Mills knew he had to get a line-up of the district's best specialists. He owe them rugged clues and start tracing any of the dead man's telephone. He set things off in that direction before he left it for the night. On the way out he stopped at Stephenson's office. He didn't see him all day and he wasn't there now.

Mills didn't sleep much. He found himself wondering, thinking about the Ripper scenes. Perhaps, perhaps. Any homework should have been concerned with his own assignment.

Let Stephenson have all the head-aches if he wanted the case to himself. Mills tried to concentrate on Clyde. He shook his head. He had no sympathy for victims who went around asking to be hated. When he returned to the department he examined the possible suspects, dismissed them for the time being.

The trouble was none of these men would stop at murder and robbery if he saw his chance. And all their mouths were shut, most likely without knowing themselves who was responsible.

Mills told himself to remove the file somewhere. On the strength of that he went back to the inquiry agent's office. He had no idea what he expected to find in the place.

A phone rang. There was a woman on the other end. An excited, pleased woman who wanted to talk to Mr. Clyde at once. Mills said he was afraid Clyde wouldn't be there again.

"Oh, it wasn't really important," she told her. "He was working on a small, a little matter for me—and I

wanted to let him know everything has turned out all right. You? My husband explained it all to me."

Before the hang up, Mills took her name. There was no need to question her unless nothing came to light for him, of course. And nothing did, but the next afternoon he drove out to see her. Mrs. Herways. She was an ordinary, middle-aged housewife, not far from middle-aged. Large and domineering, but taken aback when Mills explained his business.

"I don't understand. I only saw Clyde once. I asked him to see what they were up to. My husband and that honey who was trying to get him away from me. He said to expect results."

Mrs. Herways panted. "Anyhow, I don't want my husband brought into this. He has and he's sorry and stopped leaving me alone to mope."

Mills gathered that she had convinced Clyde because her husband was neglecting her, going out again. At first she thought there was another woman. Then she knew it. "I found things in his drawers. Odds and ends she had given him. Like pictures of herself."

Mrs. Herways smiled. With satisfaction. "I put a dash to that. I know now it was only a flirtation. It isn't anybody's affair but mine. I'd like you to go before Thomas gets home. I don't know what he could say if he knew why you're here."

Mills got up to leave, but he wasn't out the door when Herways returned from the city. For the first time Mills had met a man who liked his name perfectly. The woman said Mills was selling insurance, took charge of the situation and also the thin, red-faced man husband. No wonder he had been looking for sympathy outside.

He was small and yellow . . . with a thin, yellow nose, looked like a

roomer's . . . and a fortune . . . almost along . . . matter of walking on if all spent had been kidnaped out of him.

Mills noticed that he never met his wife's glance . . . and the rapscallion dived on him that Henneage was the kind of man who never looked straight into anybody's eyes.

Sure, Mills told himself, what did that matter? There were hundreds of men who consistently evaded the gaze of others. And it didn't mean that these men were guilty of anything . . . It merely meant that they were shy or self-conscious or badproud by some overgrown inferiority complex.

Yes, that was it, Mills assured himself. If ever a man looked humped, Henneage did.

And he was just the type of insignificant little worm whose a sentimental woman like Mrs. Henneage could love-best until, out of pure self-defense God, perhaps to preserve

the last vestiges of his feeble courage, he would pick up some little sleazy who, at least, didn't nag.

Mills wrote them off. Back at his department room he sat down, lit a cigarette. Nothing else he could do until to-morrow when he would have to make a real start.

He pulled his papers together on the desk, sorted out the statements. He was still three or four untaught when Stephenson pushed the door open, and strode in heavily, coat on arm.

"They've found another Ripper body," he said shortly. "I'm on my way if you want to be in on it."

He turned away and Mills didn't stop to think. He seemed to be in the middle of the investigation immediately. His own motion could wait.

"We're in luck for once, Mills. We have got a hot lead. It's only just happened," Stephenson said.

The car started and there was still

springing to say, Good-bye! took through the lesson. Mills kept thinking they had a chance at last. Any clue had been useless by the time they arrived before, but now even the body would be warm. Perhaps the man himself wouldn't have left the vicinity. Instantly Mills went forward on though they were passing the man they had watched for during these months.

Soon there was only a motionless group around the dead woman. She was almost a girl. Straggled. It there could be some coincidence, it was the fact the thing must have been over in a few minutes. Probably grabbed from a doorway by the murderer who listened for, made footings. It was killing for the sake of killing . . . and Mills suddenly wanted to be rich.

Stephenson knelt by the body. After a while he looked along the pavement. He frowned, asked whether they saw a shoe anywhere.

"No," the constable said. "I noticed

it was missing, but it's not here." The Inspector nodded. "It couldn't have happened beyond half an hour ago. Any reason to suppose he was disturbed?"

"I didn't see anybody leave. Still, I came across in the first place because I heard noise. Like a scuffle."

"Maybe he took the shoe," Stephenson said, more to himself. "Had to go in a hurry and took it since it was the nearest thing for him to take."

Mills was about to say there would be no crime to take such an article. Not valuable or incriminating. It was hardly a clue. He checked himself. They weren't dealing with a case calling for ordinary logic. Could be the man had to have something before he left the scene. Mills had heard of it. And it was what Stephenson was thinking.

He moved aside as the Inspector got to his feet, the old frustrated expression on his face already. The crime was a repeat of the others in most



DEAD-HEAT

Her steps slowed faster and faster

As she patterned down the street;

Her steps quickened at the echoes

Ring- ing swift and fleet,

As if records were to be won

She was wearing nylon stockings

And they had begun to run.

—JAY-PAY

suspects. So much the more that he felt from the beginning they were beaten. He gave instructions for the district to be searched. All suspicious persons were to be brought in. Even fairly suspicious. They stayed until the doctor arrived, then went on to the department.

"In return starting from work, again," Stephenson said when they were in the office. "Going over our usual ground. She's bound to be no different to the rest."

Mills agreed in silence. It was as if the killer had stepped from nothingness, taken the life and stepped back into nothingness. No trace at all. Mills remained with Stephenson while he kept in touch with the parties combing the area. They smoked cigarettes and waited, waiting to be out there making sure for themselves.

The difference between the men had somehow fallen away. With surprise Mills realized that he no longer thought he could catch the bigger one alone; even understood Stephenson's approach to his work.

He had a job to do and it came before everything else. Defeat had made them somehow alike. It was a bitter one, this last business.

Stephenson finally went up the window blinds after what could have been hours of suspense. The street below was emptying through the shadows of dawn. Cold as their chances. No news had come and it was already too late for them. They both knew it. Once more there was nothing to say.

Mills bought a bottle of milk on the way from the department. He tried to remember the last early morning he had walked to his kitchen. Think of anything except the headlines on the papers a truck was heading on the corner.

He went up the stairs slowly. No need to hurry. He wanted a good sleep, yet that was hardly important. There wasn't much important at the moment. None as he'd had a few hours' break he would be all right, ready for the knocks of a fairly searching. Yes, he undressed and was getting into bed when the phone rang. He hated the receiver, and wrong number straight away. He didn't recognise the woman's voice in his ear.

"It's me— Mrs Howards," she said. "You've got to help me. I want you to put me in contact with a reliable agent. You must know some. He'd have to watch my husband again."

Mills sighed in, told her to stop a minute. He couldn't do it. There were plenty of women in the telephone book to recommend her. Besides, she had seemed pleased enough with Mr Howards yesterday.

"That's right," she said, "but he went back on me. He's been seeing the woman. Out with her told as you like. I know it. It's really over the fence. Why, last night he brought home her shoe."



"No, I can't lend you a hot water bottle, but are you a student of logic?"

WHAT A 'TYPE'

TYPED BY THAT TYPE, HAYLES

Has it ever occurred to you, dear reader, that our authors and commentators are inclined to over-indulge in broad characterisation. For instance:

Did you ever, in real life, meet such a cold-hearted, brutal character as Simon Legree? Well, I have. Haven't I, Bob?



You have all read of the highly excitable, highly nervous, continental type—well, I've met him, too . . . his name is McTernish, and he was born in Pett's Point.



Then there is the lovable yokel, a simple, friendly son of the soil. Well! Who else would have parted with those gold bricks at such a ridiculous price?

Of course there is the scullion, ferocious vulture, so beloved of authors of the leftish ilk . . . He's an old acquaintance.



And these modern heroines: fascinating, ecstatically beautiful, maddeningly unapproachable . . . she lives next door . . . with her six foot three commando-instructor hubby.



Finally, the hero: Handsome, gallant, definitely a clean-living type. Well! Have I seen him? Of course . . . it's just that I'm not feeling so good today.

Hayles

STRANGER and Stranger



ELECTRIC EYES.—None of super-sensory appliances will need electric eyes to avert collisions in motor. With flying speeds greater than the speed of sound already an accomplished fact, engineers predict speeds of 1000 miles an hour before long. Then, if two aircraft came out of the clouds—1,000 feet apart and approaching each other—they would collide before either pilot could do anything about it. That was. At 1000 miles an hour, a pilot travels about a mile every two seconds; it takes four-fifths of a second for the image of an occurring plane to be relayed to his brain (though which time his plane has traveled one-fifth of a mile), another second elapses before the pilot can recognize what he has seen. Before his plane travels another 250 feet, this a crash is inevitable. Separation planes are being fitted with electronic devices which can react faster than man.

DEPT DRYER.—In the United States, a new automatic electric dish-warmer can wash and dry up to 100 pieces of china, glassware, and cutlery in less than 30 minutes. The machine rinses the dishes, removing all loose food particles; warms the dishes to make washing easier; washes them; and dries them with a heated electric element. Handcups may be a sorry lot; but they seem to have some shade of hope ahead of them.

WOOD MOLASSES.—Melanes made from wood is being produced at the rate of 20,000 gallons a year by the United States Forest Products Laboratory in Wisconsin. The "molasses" is made from wood waste, during forestry and sawmilling operations and from trees removed to improve forestry growth. It is used to feed livestock.

HOUSE COMFORTS.—Floors that never need waxing and furniture that doesn't require polishing are now a reality. The hardest, toughest, glossy finish—waterproof, drip-proof, sand-proof—is ready for home use. The finish can be brushed or sprayed, drying takes a few hours. The substance, used in one hundred per cent phenolic resin.

HOT SOCKS.—In Portland (Ore.), radio-silk, with has been produced from "hot" silkworms, but there is no demand for it. "Women would have to be equipped with lead legs to wear stockings made of it," declares Professor F. Stupper, biologist at Reed University. Reed biology students obtained the "atomic" silk by injecting atoms acids containing radio-active carbon into silkworms. The burbling silk was the Gosner sweater fabric, but looks just like ordinary raw silk. There is no visible radiation, so it seems as though a girl's legs will have to continue advertising themselves.





HEP TO THE HOUSEWORK

There's a New Look in the kitchen . . . and in the rest of the house, for that matter, as it seems . . . Housework a drudgery? . . . Nah! . . . It's pleasure and profit combined! Look at this moppet cleaning up cobwebs . . . you lucky spiders.



On hanging curtains . . . no more stepping on step-ladders or trifling with ladders . . . even if she doesn't move this front-splatter right away, it's both your duty and your delight to encourage her . . . Amongst other things, it strengthens and stretches the leg-muscles and . . . eh, well!



And then there's that business of making the bed . . . no more burbling at blankets and mumbling at mattresses . . . just give her a helping hand, you great old, you? . . . help her try on anubasque while she's smoothing the sheets . . . what could be smoother than that, ah?

printer's BETTER HEALTH



NEW T.B. DRUG.—A new type of streptomycin (the antibiotic that checks certain types of tuberculosis) has been isolated. The new substance is named "hydroxyl-streptomycin." It was isolated from a new type of mold found in Japan. It is hoped that the new type will be free from some of the defects of streptomycin and yet retain the virtues of the drug.

BRAIN TUMORS.—Dr. John Martin, of Northwestern University (U.S.), has developed a method of locating brain-tumors in about 95 per cent of 200 patients. He uses a radio-active tracer dye and a Geiger counter. The radioactive dye ("thallous") is injected into the patient's bloodstream. The dye concentrates only in the tumor tissue. Attached to the patient's head is the Geiger counter shaped somewhat like a skull cap and fitted with a counter that can be moved to 25 different positions. A recorder fixed to the counter indicates the presence or absence of a brain tumor.

ANTI-ATOM GLASSES.—New glasses that prevent atomic eye damage have been patented. For protection against X-ray and neutron radiation from atom machines and even atom bombs, the new spectacles were developed by Dr. Alexander Silverman, University of Pittsburgh (U.S.). People generally might use such glasses if an atomic attack is

expected, but they would also be useful for research workers around cyclotrons and other atom machines. The glass contains calcium borosilicate mixed with fluorene.

DIABETES.—Good results with sex hormone treatment for children with diabetes have been reported by Drs. H. Fomon and C. de Noplen, of Barcelona, Spain. The doctors report that the children needed less insulin when given sex hormones. They recommend first dehydration, insulin and sugar at daily intervals. Their handling of starches and meats became more stable. Object of the sex hormone treatment is to suppress the part of the pituitary gland which produces a hormone formerly called diabetes-producing. This hormone is now recognized as ACTH, the anti-arthritis hormone. Further results are awaited of the Spanish doctors' discovery.

HOISE.—Stones today are harder and more penetrating than at any previous time in history. Also rain today is a more complex, more highly stinging individual than at any previous time. While nature protects the delicate nervous mechanism of the eye by enabling us to close our eyes against liquids, the delicate mechanism of the ear has no protection. Many of us who wish to read or part should use ear stoppers.

the invisible burglar

JAMES HOLLIDAY



Murder had been done, but how did the criminal manage to enter or to leave the house without a trace?

LOGAN is a neat, quiet, middle-aged suburb of Philadelphia, with which it is connected by subway. Outside the station, at 4:30 a.m. on the morning of November 23, 1935, three tax drivers were standing beside their cabs.

"Help!" they heard someone shout. "A burglar has shot my husband!" The drivers ran down the street. A woman was coming towards them.

She was young and blonde, with an ornament over her shoulders which she was trying to hold around her neck.

"What's the matter, lady?"

"Call the police!" she repeated. "My husband has been murdered. Tell them 174 Mill North Park Avenue."

While one man rushed back to the railway station to make the call, the

other two assisted the agitated woman along the street to her house.

All around windows were being thrown open, and people on dressing gowns were coming down their garden paths to find out what the commotion was about.

"It's that little Mrs. Clara Prophet," the late arrivals were informed. "She says her husband has been murdered. Yes, that's right, the Prophet's over at 174."

Petroleum Henry Weller was the first police arrival. Pushing his way through the crowd, he found Mrs. Prophet and the two tax drivers on the first floor, before the door of what was evidently the main bedroom.

Unable to control her grief, Mrs. Prophet began to cry.

"My husband," she managed to whisper. "He's been shot!"

She pointed to the room and Weller entered. On the floor was a pyramided figure, badly battered about the head and face and with a bullet wound in his chest.

Weller bent over him for a moment then suddenly straightened.

"The police is still hunting!" he declared emphatically. "Get a doctor quickly. We might save him."

The two men ran downstairs, while Weller tried to get some details.

"Oh, it was horrible," she sobbed. "We were asleep. A sudden noise woke me up. I saw Bill jump out of bed at a man who was in the room. He must have been a burglar. They fought and fell over on the bed. He kept hitting Bill with a gun. Then they rolled on the floor."

"Suddenly I seemed to come to life. I screamed and ran out for help. Then I heard a shot as I came back. My husband was lying on the floor just as he is now, with blood all over him. The burglar went out the window. I think I was screaming for

help. He ran away, so I got on a coat and ran down the street till I met the taxi driver."

From one of the other rooms three gounded women and crying Mrs. Prophet told Weller it was her children. He let her go in to quieten them.

The doctor arrived about the same time as several officers from the Central Detecting Bureau who were to take charge of the investigation. But he was too late to do anything for the battered figure beside the bed. William Prophet was dead.

The weeping Mrs. Prophet then described the murderer as a short, dark man, in a long coat. He was a total stranger, she said.

Connolly and his men started a systematic search. Clara Prophet's story was full of inconsistencies.

Every door and window on the ground floor was carefully looked from the inside. How then, they asked themselves, had the burglar entered?

That was not all. Mrs. Prophet had said that the man had left by jumping from the bedroom window. Connolly looked out this window at the lawn, 30 feet below. It was covered with a thick layer of fertilizer. There was not a footprint to be seen anywhere on it.

Despite her unimpressive appearance, it was decided to detain Mrs. Prophet. Back at headquarters, Mrs. Prophet's mother, Harold Williams, vainly tried to comfort her.

When Connolly arrived, the officer who was guarding Mrs. Prophet drew him to one side. He said that he had overheard Harold Williams whisper to his sister, "Do you think everything will be all right?"

The inspector smiled grimly. When Mrs. Prophet was brought into his office, Connolly told her that her story did not make sense.

"Mrs. Prophet," he said, "there is

on evidence at the house to support what you say. Whoever he was, this bungler left no signs of either putting in or getting out of the place.

"The only explanation is that—unless he had a key—someone inside must have let him in. They certainly must have let him out again, because all doors and windows on the ground floor are locked from the inside."

"That's just silly," said Mrs. Prophet. "I was up as late I didn't know what I was saying back at the house. I must have been mistaken about him getting out by the window. I don't know how he got in."

Connolly shrugged his shoulders. "All right, Mrs. Prophet. I'm placing you under arrest on suspicion."

If the Inspector had been hoping this would make the woman blush, he was disappointed.

"What's the difference?" she asked him blantly.

Connolly's trump card was Mrs. Prophet's children. He had no time in questioning them. At once the woman's pitifully weak story collapsed.

Unconsciously the children revealed the truth. They told the detective that their mother had come into their room when they had become frightened at the sound of a light in their parents' room. She told them it was nothing and the gun shot was merely a cat backing in the street.

Class Prophet still obstinately refused to tell the truth.

Connolly decided on an old trick. "What would you say if I told you your brother had already confessed to shooting your husband?" he queried.

It worked.

"The devil," she shouted. "He wouldn't have been in it if he had only held his tongue."

The expressions on the faces around

her must have revealed that she had tricked herself.

Shortly afterwards she made a statement.

"I hated Bill," she said. "He always brought me unhappiness. Even our little kitten was afraid of him. The children used to run from the room. In eight years he took me exactly once to the movies—and then it was on a free pass."

Chief of Detectives, Inspector William J. Connolly, had decided to handle the case personally.

Mrs. Prophet was asked to tell her story once more. She repeated what she had told the constable.

So her story went on. She decided to kill her husband. On the premises of a dance, in the entrance, her brother agreed to commit the murder.

She gave him her key and, on the night selected, lay awake beside her husband until she saw Harold bounding over him prepared to choke the life out of him. But Bill Prophet had awakened. Harold eventually had to shoot him.

Her brother had rushed downstairs and out of the house. She had locked the back door again, but as the excitement forgot to open one of the windows it had been arranged.

When the police arrived she remembered her mistake, so she fled the murderer had jumped out of the bedroom window. How was she to know, she wondered, that he should have made doorknobs on the lawn?

Connolly went out of the room to see Harold Williams.

"Mrs. Prophet has confessed," the detective told him.

"I don't believe it," her brother answered.

"Perhaps you'd better come in and see her," Connolly suggested.

Not knowing just how far she was implicated, Williams entered Connolly's office.

"Sit Sit" Harold murmured. "You haven't—"

"Yes, I've told them everything,"

"You said," her brother answered.

"That you realize I'm here?"

Mrs. Prophet tried to comfort him. Winging bitterly, he refused to speak to her. He agreed to make a statement.

"Yes, I'll sign anything," he said.

"There's no use in denying it now. Then I'll take you out and show you where I had the gun. That's about

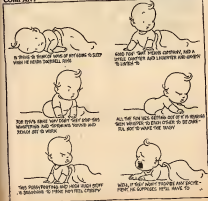
all you need to burn me good."

Harold Williams protested he was nervous. A jury took only ten minutes to find him guilty. He went to the electric chair still rattling against the sister who had duped and betrayed him.

Class Prophet was also found guilty of murder, but his sentence was only life imprisonment. Right to the end her brother bitterly complained about what he called "the injustice" of their respective punishments.

COMPANY

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



Sheriff Bill Tilghman was quiet in manner and in voice; but he was the greatest lawman of them all.

J. W. HENNING



HIS GUN SPOKE *Gently*

SHERIFF BILL TILGHMAN stalked into the noisy barroom. He was looking the Doclin gang. He was no more across the threshold than he knew he'd found them.

There were dark figures well back in the bar, the flashlight gleamed on steel barrels, polished by use. They had the drop on him.

He walked to the fire and warmed his hands at it.

The ring-bow leaned against the mantelpiece, his face blank.

"Lookin' for somebody?" he asked. "I've lost my way," said Bill, all the time wondering if a stream of lead was about to be poured into his back. "I was askin' Crebbs's

room. I thought this was it."

"About ten mile further on."

"Thanks," said Bill.

He turned and walked calmly from the jaws of death. He had looked on Bill Doclin leaving the Western Union to not shoot a mile in the back. Doclin was a bad man, an outlaw on the run, but he had too much pride to have it said about him that he had loaded a man's back.

Tilghman had a code, too. He knew that he owed his life to Doclin. He passed up a few apartments to shoot it out with the outlaw, so that he could get Doclin without bloodshed.

In those days in the West, houses were small and crude, and such unnecessary things as bathrooms were entirely neglected by the architects.

To provide for busy folk there were public bath-houses . . . small tubs made an enclosure of upright poles with beeping steepled tops.

Tilghman heard that Doclin was in town and, although sober, was indulging in a bath. It was the opportunity the sheriff had been waiting for. He went to the bath-house and entered so quickly that Doclin had no chance to get to his gun. Tilghman was therefore saved the trouble of shooting him.

Probably you've never heard of Bill Tilghman. Neither had I until I saw his name in a volume, linked with Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and other famous sheriffs. So I had a search made in the British Museum Library for his biography. I thought I knew the Old West and the people who lived in it, and it was something of a shock to me to learn that Bill Tilghman was the greatest lawman of them all.

He was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, on July 3, 1834. When he was knee-high to a grasshopper—a mere two years—he had finally moved into the wild

country of Adair, Kansas, where men were men—and women were very pleased with the arrangement.

A few years later a small domestic argument broke, called the Civil War. Bill's father and other brothers got into the blood, Bill had to support his mother and four younger children.

When Bill was sixteen he linked up with three other youths and they took their rifles into remote Indian country and began to branch over the buffalo . . . the herd.

But there is such a thing as being too good. Bill, and many others like him, began to wipe out the sheep-balls—and the profits with them. So Bill became a scout and later a settler-man.

The Indians, having been depleted with the buffaloes, life as a scout could be dull. The greatest danger was from lawless white men. Bill decided to become a purveyor of the law.

By then, in 1871, at the age of twenty-three, he was tall, gentlemanly, good-looking, powerfully built, kind of children and loved by them. He neither smoked nor drank. And, to play an ace, he was not otherwise known; he had a remarkable knowledge of Western history, could write a good bit and spoke Spanish fluently.

The Dictionary of American Biography says that his reputation for courage was not exceeded by any other frontiersman of his time and his skill with a revolver was unusual. It must have been—Bill lived till he was seventy!

Naturally there were women in his life. When he was still on the family farm in Adair, Kansas, and just sixteen, Bill got to walkin' out with a lass named Mattie. But he had adventure in his blood; the buffalo called—and Bill followed the call. Mattie never

forget him, even though she married someone else. Every Sunday of her life and on many other days, she wrote Bill a postcard. Each one addressed to him and each one bearing a message of her undying love for him."

But she didn't post them. She put them in a box and it must have been a big box. When, many years later, Tillman called on her, she gave him the box—and it contained nearly 2500 postcards!

By now twenty-four before a female got a better on him. Her name was Flora Kendall—and he must have loved her because he started a stock ranch and decided to settle down. She bore him four children.

He stayed put for eleven years! Not that he was entirely without advancement, for he was usually the local marshal. When the former Indian Territory was taken over by the Union and named Oklahoma, Bill saw a chance to get into some excitement again. He joined the spectacular settler's race which marked the opening of the new State, on April 22, 1900.

He obtained a good site, on a spot where later grew up the city of Guthrie, but he didn't stay there long. In 1901, at the age of thirty-seven, he took up land in Chandler and built it up into a fine farm. He was also appointed deputy - marshal.

At the age of twenty-three he had been a deputy-sheriff of Ford County under the famous Kit Carson, and later he had been marshal of Dodge City during some of its liveliest (and deadliest) periods.

He remained deputy-marshal of Chandler for about twenty years, although his politics did not always coincide with his postoffice in office! The region was over-run with outlaw gangs when Bill took office. He ran spoke gently but very firmly. The

men on the owl-foot trail were either scared to (shoot) or knocked along for other parts. Peace-officer Tillman brought peace!

Bill explained his readiness to lead to Theodore Roosevelt: "Maybe it's my ability to fire a sixshoot at a second before the other man, but I also had a shade of advantage, because the man who knows he's right always has a little on the man who knows he's wrong."

His first wife died, but Bill was too good a man to stay married twice. In 1902 he married Zoe Agnes Swanson, of an old pioneer family. She added three more children to his quiver.

In 1900 he was elected to the State Senate, but that was no life for a man of action. He resigned after a year and, at the age of fifty-seven, became Chief of Police of Oklahoma City. In 1915 he went into third. He superintended the making of a Western "squaker" called "The Pioneer of the Oklahoma Cowboys."

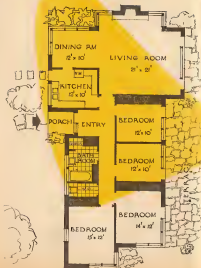
He had retired when, in August, 1924 (surprising what a little time ago that was!) he was asked to take the job of marshal of Custerwll, a boom oil town. His friends told him he was too old for that sort of thing. He reached his gun-belt down from a nail.

At the age of seventy, but still hale and hearty, he went out to chase up crime.

On November 2, about ten weeks later, he was told that an armed drunk was trying to shoot holes in the town. Bill went out and took the gun from the customer. With a grip on the drunk's arm he started for the police-station.

The boom-artist had another gun in his coat-pocket. He dropped the iron, treated it tall in his pockets and blew the life out of William Mathew Tillman, the finest lawman the West had ever known.





planning for a larger home

So many difficulties confront the home builder of the present day, and building costs are so high, that it is quite a good idea when a large home is required to plan it in such a way that portion can be built and the remainder added at a more opportune time.

CAVALCADE suggests for this month a four-bedroom home on more generous lines than has been the rule in this time.

The plan is such that two bedrooms could be omitted from the present building programme, and added later without alteration to the existing structure. To be in proportion with the four-bedroom house, the living room is large and has a dining alcove

opening from it, with large glass doors.

The terrace runs along one side of the front of the house, according to location, so that full advantage can be taken of the sunshine and the view. Three of the four bedrooms and the living room open directly on to this terrace.

Each bedroom is fitted with a built-in wardrobe and there are ample linen and coat cupboards. The kitchen is equipped in a modern manner and contains room for a washing machine.

The total area of this house is 1900 square feet. It has been designed for a large block of land, which must be regarded as an essential to set it off properly.



THE SECRET

of ARARAT

Somewhere in the wilds of Asia Minor lies an old, rotting vessel: is it really the ark?



If anyone should tell you that the remains of the Ark are still resting on the slopes of Mount Ararat where Noah parked it over 5,000 years ago, don't be in a hurry to rebuke the story with a shrug and a cynical smile.

Many people of faithless, scientific habits say the wreck within the last decade and—what is more—our Australian cousin took shape of it just before the last war ended!

It is one of those strange stories which have been passed off the headlines by the march of events, but recent statements by the Soviet Government have focused the eyes of the world upon the Noah question in the wilds of Asia Minor.

The earliest historical reference to the existence of the Ark is contained in "Antiquities of the Jews," by Josephus, written about A.D. 100. He

says, "The Armenians call that place 'Landing Place' indeed as the Ark was preserved there and its remains are shown to the inhabitants today."

More evidence is provided by Strabo, the Chalcidian, who, after describing the Ark and circumstances of the flood, says: "There is still some part of the vessel in Armenia and people carry off pieces of timber as treasure."

It is known that the Ark received a deal of patch.

Following their early writers is the authorship of Claudius Ptolemy, one of the renowned authorities on Babylonian history. For a number of years this scholar was the representative of the East India Company in England and in 1581 he published "Geography in Koordistan."

He writes: "Hannan Aga maintained to me that, with his own eyes, he had seen the remains of Noah's Ark. He went to a Christian village, whence he ascended by a steep road for an hour to the summit, at which he saw the remains of a very large vessel of wood, almost entirely rotted, with made of a foot long still remaining."

In 1835 a series of earthquakes on the south side of Mount Ararat destroyed several villages in the valley with considerable loss of life. The Turkish Government sent a Commission to investigate. After climbing for many hours the party came across what they described as: "The east end of an archaic structure" rising on the edge of a small basin later. They could only enter a few feet owing to snowdrifts.

Ten years later the great World's Fair was held in Chicago and one of the attractions was a Religious Congress attended by delegates from all over the globe. Among the visitors was Archbishop Noan, of the Nestorian Church of Malabar (India), an ardent devotee Persia and a direct

descendant of the great Nebuchadnezzar.

This parliament caused a wild sensation during the first session of the congress by relating how, a few years before, he had climbed Mount Ararat and discovered the remains of Noah's Ark wedged in a rocky hollow.

According to the Archbishop it all happened while he was on a visit to the Patriarch of the Nestorians in Kurdistan and Persia. Being a profound scholar he knew his Scripture and the probability of finding some traces of the wreck had always fascinated him. As he was so near the spot he could not resist the temptation of finding out for himself; he was determined to climb Mount Ararat.

After several attempts he at last reached somewhere about 11,000 feet. Here, to his amazement, he came across the plant he'd noticed slightly on the side near the edge of a frozen sheet of water between some lofty crags. When he had recovered from his astonishment he pushed his way through the snow and entered the Ark.

Despite the fact that the Archbishop was renowned for his scholarship, his story of the Ark was a flop. But this did not prevent him from undertaking an extensive lecture tour when proved a money-spinner until he reached California, where many of his audiences were distinctly hostile. They absolutely refused to believe that any wooden structure could last over 4,000 years.

Much to the delight of the critics, he was declared insane and placed in a mental home. Through the influence of a wealthy lady admirer, however, he was released.

The snag in the story appeared to be that the Ark was found at 11,000 feet above sea level. Many doubted the Deluge covered the earth to such an extent as to float the Ark so far

A delicious! A U.S. news magazine says that a eagle was fished out of Seattle Harbor by a patrolman after a woman had dropped him back into the drink when it became apparent that he had no pants on. A Providence (Rhode Island, U.S.) vacuum cleaner salesman, however, had his vacuum ready charged with cooking ingredients advanced to a housewife, he assured the pedestrians that his conduct was merely sales technique.

up the mountain. However, Dr. Fredrick Nasson, the Norwegian explorer, writes in his book, "Arctura and the Near East": "The Ark stood on Mount Ararat, where it was still seen up to very late times."

It was an amateur who forged the first link in the chain concerning the problem of the Ark. In 1847 a small squadron of the Russian Air Force was stationed at a village near Erevan, about 30 miles to the southwest of Mount Ararat. On the morning of a very hot day in midsummer, Vladimir Bakovitsky and a co-pilot took off for a routine flight. It is understood that on the previous evening a heated discussion had taken place in the mess concerning the possibility of Noah's Ark being on Ararat—although local tradition emphatically supported the story of its existence.

Bakovitsky was resolved to settle the question and made straight for the peak. After circling the mountain they returned to the southern slopes where a small patch of brilliant cobalt attracted their attention. Taking

his plane lower, Bakovitsky saw a small lake which reflected the summer sky, the steady side was frozen over and sparkling in the sunshine. Then they spotted the Ark.

Flying so close in as possible, the astonished aviators were able to define what appeared to be two short masts. The top of the Ark was visible and supported a catwalk which was the entire length of the vessel. One quarter seemed to be under water, but, on the side clear of the lake, was a huge door.

On returning to base, the aviators reported the discovery. The squadron leader next day flew over the same route and confirmed the information. A full report was forwarded to headquarters and later the Russian Government organized an expedition to explore the north side of Ararat and to investigate the lake of the Ark.

A large party camped on the slopes during the summer months and studied the remains of the bulk, took photographs and measured all important features. The Ark was found to be 450 feet long with a beam of 150 feet and 45 feet high. The timber was alderwood, wood, a species of cypress, described in Genesis as "gopher" and the entire structure had been painted over with a wax-like preparation, referred to as "bitumen" in the translation of Josephus.

The remains of the rooms on the lower deck indicated they had been fairly large. There were barriers two feet thick dividing them into small compartments, possibly the walls of the larger animals. On the deck above a series of pens were arranged, the trunks fitted with thin metal bars secured to the framework with copper nails.

Some time after the expedition had returned to Moscow a mild stir was caused by the discovery in the library

of the Convent of St. Catherine on Mt. Sinai of an ancient Arabian manuscript dealing entirely with the history of the Deluge and the construction of Noah's Ark. The description of the internal arrangements was almost identical with the details supplied by the Russians. According to the Arabian parchment, the boats and cells were battened down in the hold, the middle deck was designed to house the birds, and the forecabin deck reserved for Noah and his family.

In due course a full report of the exploration of Mount Ararat with photographs of the Ark was compiled. A copy bound in mouse leather embossed with the Imperial arms was to be presented to the Czar by the leader of the expedition. But a few days before the date fixed for the function, the Revolution broke out and Nicholas and his family were on the run. The report was never made public.

In the confusion of the Revolution, Bakovitsky (who was a White Russian) managed to evade the Bolsheviks and escape to America where the account of his discovery of the Ark caused a sensation. The story was syndicated throughout the U.S.A., sermons were preached about it and even those who years before had doubted the Archdeacon began to think there was something in the yarn after all.

On Sunday, December 4, 1922, a commercial station in Sydney broadcast the fact that a Russian aviator had discovered the Ark and four years later, on Sunday, January 28, 1926, the information was repeated. In the meantime the news of the finding of the Ark had circulated the world and strange stories filtered through from all quarters.

There are still several pieces of the Ark known to be fitted before the

picture can be pronounced complete. It would be interesting to learn the identity of the two observers from the I.L.A.A.P. station near Brighton, England, who—when drinking at the palace bar of "The Ship"—showed the historical maps of the Ark taken with a small camera when flying over Ararat. Baker-Grimston of those prints would prove most interesting.

Then there is the episode of the lieutenant from Powell who wrote to the commander of the station which featured the story, stating he knew a pilot in the R.A.F. who had taken photographs of the Ark, unfortunately he crashed shortly afterwards and was killed.

From A.D. 300 (when Josephus recorded the Ark was still in existence) and could be seen to 1912 (when the remains were said to have been photographed) in a good span of life, even for a legend and apparently so much to still a long way off, for the Ark has crept back into the headlines.

American interest in the ancient enigma was renewed a few months ago when a syndicate was formed in New York to visit Mount Ararat, determine what remained of the Ark and re-erect it in the U.S.A. As soon as the news reached Moscow the Tass News Agency proclaimed that the proposed expedition was merely an excuse for American espionage, and that any foreign aircraft flying over what is now Russian territory, would be shot down without warning.

This sudden concern on the part of the Soviet Government prompted a further statement to the effect that Noah's Ark was a national possession of the Russian people and that proper measures would be taken for its preservation.

Despite the claims of the Soviet Government, the question remains: Is the Ark still on Mount Ararat?



• A Wolf from the Hills Wolf: A wife made to order can't be compared to a ready maid • To which he adds—rather wrathfully: "You'll find some of the best bedtime stories on hotel registers" • And that reminds us there once was an Indian Maid . . . but it took a fever to do it • Post's Corners: Consists of home, minute of which, stay the attention of every a mile • Wife and Otherwife: Many a man would be alive today if he hadn't tried to save enough to retire on • Give a man enough rope and he'll tell his wife he's tied to the office • Just because a man is polished is no sign he has a clean mind • Then, of course, there was the pensive matron who was sure her husband was unfaithful to her, none of the children looked the least like him • Our Times Psychologist says that if a man goes upstairs two steps at a time, he's probably an optimist; if he comes downstairs five or six steps at a time, he's probably a former optimist • "My uncle spent twenty-five dollars at a racetrack day without winning anything," reports a correspondent . . . obviously off his nut • Our Forensic News Item: Richard Schmidt, of the Bronx, N.Y., an expert for stealing two statistics of racism, explained: "They reminded me of my girl friend, so I took them home" • Instructions on a marionade pot: "Insert coin, twist lightly, and push off . . ." . . . to catch your train, no doubt • Bits of fluff in a suspect's trousers turn-ups recently provided the police with unshakable evidence, little bits of fluff are always dangerous • And always remember that the reason why the average suspect would rather have beauty than brains is that the average man can see better than he can think • City High-lights: We have recently encountered an estate executor who inherited most of his uncle's estate; he married the daughter of his uncle's lawyer

OUR SHORT STORY Said one microbe to another microbe, examining down a vein: "My god, what's the matter with you; you look terrible!" "Yes," said the other microbe, "Stand well back, I think I've caught a little pinkitis."

THE HOUSE OF DOOM



A FLEET-FOOTED SUPER-HERO
FIGHTS AN EVIL GIGANT
BEFORE HE FALLS INTO A TRAP

"THERE IS SOMETHING TO BE A MAN
ABOUT" - CAN REMEMBER TO
HIS FRIEND INSPECTOR
TOMMY BROWN WHEN HE
SAW THE DEAD BODY
OF SCOTT CROSBY . . .



"IN MY EXPERIENCE WOMEN
DON'T CHOOSE A WEAPON
LIKE THIS - I'D SAY
SHE WAS A MAN"



I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY ANY
WOMAN WOULD WANT TO LIVE
AS LOSELY AS WOMEN.



... YET THE OLD FASHIONED
DOGS WANT TO LIVE THE
SAFE, AND HAD TO BE
SHOWN WHEN ...



IT WOULD BE WISE TO
KNOW HOW ENTRY WAS
GAINED - THE BEST OF
LOOKS AS THOUGH SOME
LOOKED HEAVILY IN AND
STUNNED HIMSELF FROM
BEHIND.



LOOKING OUT OVER THE
SEA - IT FEELS HAPPY
IN THE TWO EYEGLASSES
THAT ANYBODY COULD
ENTER THAT WAY TO
SOMEONE'S ADVANTAGE ...



THE PLUNGING IN ON THE
OTHER SIDE - NOBODY
COULD CLIMB UP THERE.



AN INSPECTOR BEACH
RETURNING TO HIS OFFICE
WITH SOME PREPARING
ABOUT THE SCENE OF
THE CRIME



THE CARETAKER ASSURES
GIVE POSITIVELY THAT
SOMEONE PRESENTING
THE LAST PERSON TO
ENTER THE FLATS THAT
NIGHT



I LET HER IN MYSELF
THAT LOCKED THE DOOR
WE HAVE BEEN TAKEN
THE PRECAUTION
AGAINST SURPRISES.



THESE WERE HORROR
WAS - I WENT INTO
THE FLAT TO FIND SOME
SUSTAINABLE
ENTER THE DARK HOME.



HERE IS A GIRL DELIBER-
ATELY IN, ALONE WITH
NO OTHER FORM OF
ENTRY, YET SHE IS KILLED
BY A BLOW ON THE BACK
OF THE HEAD



THE ONLY STRANGE
THING PLAIN CAN
SEE PULSED WITH
DEEPLY



THE CARETAKER ALSO
LOOKS AT WHAT CAN
SEE'S, BUT HE CAN'T
UNDERSTAND IT EITHER.



DRIVING AWAY CAN BE
SEELED BY THE CLUB-
LESS CLOSER OF THE
LOCKED UP WOMAN ...



CAN ADMITS COMPLETE
BARKER'S CASE BUT HE
TELLS MARGA HE HAS
A THEORY ...

GIVE ME HER BACKGROUND



142 LOVERS



GEORGE DEBARKER'S RESEN-
MARGA HE TALKING TO
CAN IT WAS SHE WHO
HATED HIM TO PROVE
THE THEORY ...



SHE WAS A NORMAL
HEALTHY GIRL WITH GOOD
INCOME FROM HER
FATHER'S ESTATE AS I
TOLD YOU BEFORE ...



AGAIN AS I TOLD YOU
BEFORE THE PRINCE
BARKER



TELL ME ABOUT BARKER
... ALL ABOUT HIM
CAN DEBARKER MARGA
TELLS NOW THEY BROKE
OFF THEIR AFFAIR, AND
BARKER DISAPPEARED



CAN GETS PERMISSION
TO KEEP SOME PHOTOS

SHE DIDN'T FEEL ABOUT
HER MARRIAGE, IT WAS
ALL WASTED UP ...



BARKER WELCOME
FLASH CAN AND LOOKS
AT PHOTOGRAPHS ...

THEY IN THE ATHLETE
WHO ONE APPROVED
BY WERE AGO ...



HAVE YOU A PHOTOGRAPH
CAN CAN AND
SHE WAS - AT HOME
LET'S GO AND SEE IT ...
CAN REQUESTS ...



ASKED WITH PHOTO-
GRAPH OF BARKER CAN
SETTLES DOWN TO GET
ANY FURTHER
FORMATION - AND
ENJOY HIMSELF ...



BUT SOMETHING
WAS HAS HAPPENED
GOTT A HIGH RACE
THESE LAST NIGHT HE
HAS HAD AND
THIS MORNING ...





"YOU FOOL, CAIN!" MARCIA SAID, COMING IN. "I ASKED YOU TO OBEY A POLICE OFFICER -- TO HELP ME -- YOU KNEW THE POLICE BUT NOW --" SHE BROKE OFF, THINKING. (CROSSWORD PUZZLE 10)



MARCIA'S FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER AND --



THE CARPENTER GOES TO WORK AND MARCIA ATTEMPTS TO SHOOT HERSELF -- BUT CAIN SEES HER. "IF FOLLOWING YOU BEACH TELLS ME, 'ALL THE WAY.'"



TAKING THE CARPENTER'S GUN, MARCIA SAID, "YOU HAVE DECIDED TO BE OF USE TO ME AND THIS IS GOING TO BE --"



-- THE SHARP CRACK OF A REVOLVER SHATTERED THE STILLNESS AND TOMMY ENTERED, SCRAMBLING. (CROSSWORD 11)



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BIGGEST BRACKET GANG IN THE CITY WERE BUILT BEHIND BEACH. BEACH FORGOT HIS HATRED OF PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS -- FOR THE TIME BEING --



Get that British spirit

For 46 years more Shell has been bought by more motorists than any other brand of petrol. It's a good British habit.

In Australia alone, Shell is refining British petrol from British crude at the rate of 72,000,000 gallons a year. The crude is brought to Australia in British tankers from British wells in British Borneo by Shell—a British company.

Get that British spirit—always fill up at the Shell pump.



always fill up
at the SHELL pump



The Shell Co. is Aust. Ltd. (Inc.) in N.S. Wales

(10007)

Tempest over Tilly

The boys just wouldn't keep away from Tilly . . . so she said . . . and Phil the Aceman was a real stickler.

JACK PEARSON • FICTION

TILLY was my mother's fault. "But, George," she used to explain placidly to my father, "it isn't that the girl needs any taming; it's just that she's really hot, that's all."

"Hot," my father (who was a man of few rhymemes) always replied. "Nobody ever got far enough ahead of that girl to lead her, they trip over her while she's waiting to be caught."

My mother refused to be convinced. Ever since the day when Tilly had first appeared to "lead a band about

the house," my mother seemed to have formed a deep attachment to her and she never wavered. Since the pair of them were house crones and would often be seen confabbing dubiously to one another in corners. At least, Tilly did the confabbing and my mother did the listening. She had a lot of listening to do. Tilly was an accomplished liar and served at a loss for something to confide. My mother believed every word of it.

She even believed that the bustling stream of budding moribund whips,



"How at ya, mom?" believed Old Sandy, hustling crankily through the gap.

every evening congregated at our gate came for the pure pleasure of Tilly's conversation. They came down far across the paddocks on draught horses, and bicycles and on foot, and they clustered around Tilly like bees.

"Good heavens I tell you not to come but they won't pay no heed to me," Tilly protested self-righteously. My mother believed that, too.

My father didn't. The more apt of them used to inform him. He claimed that he needed a police escort

to clear a way through the mob. And when, at last, returning home late one night—he chided at the lack and found his fist glued to the gate by a huge mob of chewing gum which one of Tilly's admirers had apparently deposited there, and his option to retreat, he was seized beyond control.

"Either they go or she does!" he snarled at my mother. "Tell her that!"

My mother knew when my father meant business. Next day, I heard

CAVALCADE, March, 1931 31

ONE day in 1934, an assassin threw a bomb and nearly killed Chief Alexander H. of Russia in his Winter Palace at St. Petersburg (now called Leningrad). Although the guards did not find the would-be assassin on their search of the 1800-odd rooms of the palace they did discover—in a supposedly empty bedroom on an upper floor—a powder and his gun. This year had worked in a few years before and had lived there peacefully ever since.

success to pause to consider how Ben had might be likely to react. It was only after dark . . . when Tilly had left the house . . . that she began to hear gunfire. It came that she had counted on my father being at home that night. It was very strange. My father had discovered that he had an urgent appointment at home . . . an urgent Russian Appointment, he explained upon my mother . . . an appointment he couldn't possibly miss. My mother spoke calmly of all appointments business or otherwise, but my father was not to be deterred. "You'll be right at nine" he assured my mother cheerfully. "A cyclone storm, to speak" my mother snapped sarcastically.

Leaving his helpless wife and child to be hatched behind his back," she told me later, as he disappeared on his bicycle into the night. Watching the shadows lurching close round the corners of the veranda, I disappeared of my father almost as swiftly as my mother seemed to be doing.

She hustled my infant sister quiet and picked up her sewing with a dependent sigh. "Disturbed behind his back," she muttered sarcastically to herself. The darkness seemed to creep in a stair-step shade around the flickering neon-neon lamp that was before electricity and telephones and under lamps had reached our portion of the world and I suddenly noticed my eyes as near as I could to my mother's side without attracting unwelcome attention to my undue lack of courage. The night-wind sobbed mournfully in the eaves of the roof and something at night here has a space-ruffled under the long couch which stood against the wall. There seemed to be unpleasant suggestions in my mother's scowling as they kept

up a steady snap-snap-snap. Outside, in the upstairs, a flycatcher stirred a blood-curdling squeak. My mother and I were simultaneously in our first.

"Our blood is on his head," my mother moaned my infant sister, desperately sobbing into her fist. The women looked brightly in her fingers and I avoided my face.

A heavier gust of wind rattled the shutters, the gate clanged on its hinges, and the squeaking of the fly-catcher shifted to a banister creak. There was a rushing noise through the glass and several footstep clanked the stairs.

"Here they are now" my mother confirmed.

"We must die bravely," she added clanking the women in her breast and adopting a stance which she obviously imagined would have suited a female Sidney Carton standing beside the guillotine and contemptuously surveying the howls of a Revolutionary mob. It would have been an excellent representation of her legs hadn't pointed to shivering so violently.

I had never cherished any ambition to imitate a Sidney Carton (female or otherwise) and what I had heard of the guillotine had left me with little affection for that instrument.

Moreover, I was rapidly losing faith in my mother's skirts as a source of defense. I looked about me for a corner refuge. Underneath the couch beside the wall seemed to offer a place of concealment. I took a flying dive in its general direction. Unfortunately, I misjudged my distance and slammed myself badly on the head. But not for long . . .

The back door pushed on its hinges with a resounding bang and I was instantaneously revived to open.

"Mama! Mama!" wailed Tilly, bounding into the room, "we're dead!"

"Oh, my God, no Tilly!" cried my mother, rapidly clanking at herself to make perfectly positive I didn't see anything, I wasn't able to.

"Yes! Yes! We are! Some death!" Tilly clanked with distraught defiance. "Of course we're! We damn well may well be . . . and it's Paul Flannery who's done it. It is!"

"What? Who?" my mother bugged hysterically. "Oh, my God, no, Tilly! Not him!"

"Yes, him!" Tilly panted. "I meet him tonight and I tell him everything. Like you say . . . about him being married . . . and about him being half-!"

"In Moscow's room, no, Tilly!" my mother implored pitifully. "You don't tell him that!"

"Yes, I did!" Tilly continued her, "And then he says and says that they're over the fence . . . and that he's coming here to do in the pair of us . . . you first . . . and the next!"

"Heaven protect us!" my mother murmured. "He should be here any minute now," Tilly assented.

My mother tossed her arms stiff in a sweeping gesture of panic. The women in her dress glided like a headless sword. "What the woman! Not the door! Not the door!" she commanded urgently and almost tripped me into the hallways in her haste to obey herself.

The last window had pined that when the other thought struck her. "The use" she whispered fiercely. "Where's the use?" "Out by the wood-house where at anyone is, I suppose," Tilly quined. "My God!" my mother prayed, giving up the ghost. "Perhaps he won't notice it," Tilly suggested without optimism. "Maybe have very keen eyes," my mother informed us helplessly. "They notice everything!"

"Maybe he's only half black," Tilly

happen, you see," she added with an eerie undertone of faintly ghastly anticipation. "No, that's right," Tilly agreed dithyrambically. "I don't suppose so . . . I don't suppose there is."

"The best thing is to nip it right in the bud," my mother advised, commencing unexpectedly business-like.

"Yes. I suppose so . . . yes," Tilly again agreed, though still with some reluctance.

"Right in the bud," my mother stressed. "This very night."

"What, right off tonight?" Tilly objected, alarmed to be confronted with the necessity of instant action.

"Yes, this very night!" my mother answered with rhapsodized energy. "It's all for the best."

She had her own way as she usually did. "If you say so, I suppose it is," Tilly contacted without enthusiasm. "Okay! When I see him tonight, I'll tell him . . . I'll tell him everything you said."

"That's a good girl, Tilly!" my mother applauded, no rest at last

hated. My mother wanted her with the message. I felt she so richly deserved. We stood staring at one another in morbid silence. "No!" said my mother at last, unconsciously swinging things up. "There's no time to go outside and get it. We must just hope . . . and wait!" "Aha, no, we won't be waiting too long," Tilly predicted. If looks could kill, my mother would certainly have annihilated Tilly on the spot.

The *Syng-hoos* on the fly-ways continued to squeak. "I know this would happen!" my mother leaned exclusively. "Never anywhere but wanted . . . it's all your father's fault!" "Aha, no, just a matter of who gets here first!" Tilly declared dogmatically. My mother scowled but.

The wind robed in the event; the note of darkness seemed to grow, narrower around the *kyousoo-lays*, occasionally my mother spread above and dangled by tawny hawk's with a worried quiver and shuddering. Suddenly the *Syng-hoos* kept up their squeaking.

"Whoo!" urged my mother still came near. She should have saved her breath, Tilly, and I had anticipated her. There was no doubt about it, somebody was waiting the house. The gate clattered, boots thumped slowly on the path, at the bottom of the stairs they seemed to hesitate. "It's here!" Tilly howled superciliously. "Whoo! Whoo!" my mother choked her. "Pretend we're not here!" "Whoo! I wish the hell we weren't," Tilly reminded.

The boots stammered on the stairs and retreated. They began to make an unsteady circuit of the house in the general direction of the back yard. There was a clatter of falling timber and the sound of a stifled curse.

"Save us!" my mother whispered.

"It's gone to get the post!"

There was a faint "Whoo!" and I knew that Poole, my best-wished fox never day, was scurrying ineffectively down under the house to intercept.

"G-r-r-r!" he growled menacingly and whistled on a stifled bark.

"G-r-r-r!" a voice growled back menacingly.

Poole immediately burst into a cascade of happy yips. I descended here on the narrow ledge and stared him the grade of nerves I didn't quite understand; what a moment, but my tribulation was frequently in moments of unbalanced reproach.

"G-r-r-r!" repeated the house just even more nervously. There was a dull *tyod-tyod* a bang for some blunt instrument striking. Both Poole roared with one ungrateful yelp.

"My God!" he's delighted Poole, my mother murmured in a whisper that startled like a railway whistle. "Ah! sure 'im bloody well right!" said Tilly. "Culiv's notice on us, it's 'im-brother's coat!"

To me Tilly seemed to have some points in her favour.

The boots upon were a circuit around the house and burst in to enter the stairs. "We here, drunk, too!" Tilly squeaked. "He gets fighting mad when he's drunk!"

"Your father's in blame for this!" my mother said in an open outrage. "Letting us be hit behind behind his back!"

The boots topped the stairs and passed on the veranda. Then they waddled on across it. "He leaves!" my mother whispered Tilly and me. "That's the end!" There seemed to be no good reason for dropping it.

The boots turned the corner of the veranda, and once more halted. Someone grunted gutturally and fumbled clumsily at something. The boots, tall to the door with two

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QUOTING THE ODDS:

So you want to bet, eh? Well, your chances of getting a royal flush in poker are one in 649,739. But there up. A straight flush occurs once every 12,542 deals and a full-house comes along every 625 times. And if you prefer brains, your chances of being dealt a perfect hand—132 games—one are in 650,013,153. Ah. Still, there's no need to be depressed . . . the horses and the dogs are much worse.

Sudden thumps. "My God!" my mother cried in alarm. "She's taking all her breath to be out sleep on an unconscious!"

More sudden thumping from the verandah and a rattling rattle. "I can't hear it," my mother decided suddenly. "We must see what he's up to out there!"

Tottering on the toe, she cautiously crept towards the window. Tilly and I took up strategic positions on the sofa. Under her elbow, I peered fearfully through a slit in the curtain. A rusty head of moonlight shone through the glass of the verandah and shone wildly on the family washing which Tilly had piled there preparatory to tomorrow's mending. Gaily wrapped in the new-washed sheet, a dim, mysterious figure lay catatonic. It was completely covered except for a tangled mop of black black hair. "We have all what, all right," Tilly gasped in a gasping whisper.

The figure in the sheets writhed agonizingly and writhed stiffly at a man-

traight moan. My mother recoiled upon me so abruptly that she cut the previous note Tilly's suggestive beam. "Good! Stand off!" Tilly hissed, looking me from her . . . apparently under the horrifying delusion that I was Flannery.

"He's waiting until we're asleep so that he can murder us in our beds," my mother sobbed, by what process of reasoning I have never been quite capable of understanding. "We must get help before it's too late!" "Help! What help?" Tilly asked indignantly, having obviously discarded all faith in my aid.

The figure on the verandah wailed itself at a second shattering assault. My mother swung wildly as in question but her like a flash of lightning. "Sandy Clark! Old Sandy Clark!" she proclaimed joyfully. "Why didn't I think of him sooner!"

She took the words right out of my mouth. I cursed my mother severely for not having thought of Sandy Clark sooner. He lived in a cottage about three-quarters of a mile across the paddocks and he was an old man . . . but still, he was a man and better than nothing on a night like this. "Go on him," my mother ordered, shoving at my shoulder. "What? What?" "Yes!" I answered in unconscious rapture. Old Sandy Clark and I were not on the best of terms after some small differences concerning a few manure which had vanished from his manure-heap. "Yes, yes!" my mother confirmed. Before I could prevent her, she had pushed me through the back-door and relocked it behind me. That did it. Compared with being left outside, alone with Flannery, Old Sandy Clark was a non-resistant nuisance. I went.

I have no clear recollection of moonlight on the paddocks, but I can remem-

ber pounding on Old Sandy's door. "Loooon in! Loooon in!" I yelled. "We're being murdered!"

Made a wire netting squeaked immediately and asked some question on the floor. I heard Old Sandy strike a match and snuff a candle. He struck another match with trembling fingers and gradually an old lamp began to splutter. "Crummer out! Crummer out! We're all leaving our throats out!" I yelled, battering at the door with fists and feet. "It's murder, that's what it is!"

The door opened so suddenly I narrowly escaped falling flat on my face. "Tosh! Tosh! Be still, lad!" commanded Old Sandy, leaning on the threshold. "There'll be no murder here!"

"Was't there just?" I told him. "Well, you see if you can stop it, then. Flannery's over at our place with an axe!"

"Flannery?" asked Old Sandy innocently. "Show me the assassin!" Whining indignantly, he commenced to jog-trot towards our house. We peered together up the back-stairs. My mother received us at the door and provided a spare apartment for us to enter.

"Thank God you're here!" she welcomed Old Sandy, displaying every symptom of imminent collapse. "Tosh, thank God!" Tilly endorsed. "God helps those who help themselves." Old Sandy related proudly, describing the Scarlet Women with an entire squad of assassins. "Where is the del?"

"Come!" invited my mother, beckoning imperiously. Side by side, they peeped through the slit in the curtain. I noticed that the figure was still gone in the sheets. "It's a brown bulk," Old Sandy exclaimed more or less to himself. The figure in the sheets growled hoarsely. Old

Sandy recoiled further than my mother did, but he recovered faster. "You're dangerous!" he advised my mother after a moment's thought. "I have had ample opportunity to realize that," my mother replied tersely.

Old Sandy took a more violent peek through the curtain and scratched reflectively at his bald scalp.

My peeped a third time and scratched his scalp more than. Then he seemed to settle on a plan of campaign.

It was a tall bay-window, reaching almost to the floor. "To the one way," Old Sandy told my mother. "So as you throw up the window, I'll jump on him with both feet." "Toss, do that," Tilly supported him.

"Beware of the cat!" my mother warned Old Sandy. "When I land, he'll be too knowing by which he's been hit," Old Sandy assured her with a hint of bewilderment.

He took a final peek through the window and prepared himself for the leap. "Ready, lad?" he muttered. "Ready!" my mother told him with overdone bravado. "Then, go!" Old Sandy roared. The window was flung up with a bang. "Rise at you, man!" belated Old Sandy, hurling through the gap with a creek of ancient knees. "I have ya, Flannery, ye drunken del!"

An agonized bleat poured from the position, form on the washing. The violent tearing of linen was drowned by a scream of resignation from my mother at the window.

"Flannery!" my father's voice rose in wild indignation as he blessedly recoiled to rid himself of the torn embarrassment of Old Sandy Clark and his after-appointment hangover. "Who told they that old Flannery?" They pushed him drunk and deliriously before I led the pigs.

Mander is a hard thing to manage with complete competency . . . even when an Efficiency Expert is playing a role.



BLACKMAIL in the red

JULIUS CONAR, the efficient expert for Wendell Toyn & Gwynn Co., adjusted his glasses and checked the list of figures on his desk. When he finished his count, he leaned back in his swivel chair and smiled. The report showed a considerable saving over the previous month, a considerable and heartening saving.

Conar was pleased with himself with his own efficiency. He was a small man—peachy, pinkish, slightly bald—and he enjoyed his position immensely. There was a great satisfaction in telling the owner of the company that he couldn't buy this, couldn't spend that. It was power, and Julius Conar loved power, loved

it as only a small man can.

The phone on his desk rang. The smile left Conar's face as he leaned forward. He became briskly business-like. Lifting the receiver, he spoke as abrupt, "Yes!" was the mouth-piece.

"There's a Mr. Harry Nichols calling, Mr. Conar," the switchboard girl's voice replied. "Will you speak to him?"

Conar hesitated. He became thoughtful. His brow was furrowed. Some of the pink drained from his face.

"All right," he said, at last, "put him through." His voice was hoarse.

The girl made the connection. A nasal voice spoke Conar's name. Conar snarled automatically.

"I just thought I'd call," said Harry Nichols. "You sort of notable."

"What do you want?" Conar demanded stiffly.

"Here is that a nice way to talk to a friend? A friend calls notable and you treat him like a disease. Is that a way?"

Conar tried to keep the nervousness out of his voice as he repeated his demand. "What do you want, Nichols?"

"Okay, okay. If it's got to be business right off, it's got to be. I'll tell you what, I got a chance to make a good deal, see? But I need some dough. About five hundred. No more deal."

"I told you a month ago," Conar began. "Was promised to destroy the letters if I gave you \$200. Why haven't you kept up your end of the bargain?" His voice grew steadily threatening. "I won't give you another cent. Not one more cent."

"They're such nice letters," the nasal voice sighed mockingly. "They read so pretty. Especially the one

that starts, 'Dearest Lennie.' That's a carter. Your wife would love that one, wouldn't she, Conar?"

Speech trickled down the small man's neural discharge.

"You wouldn't dare. Not my wife. You wouldn't dare."

"I don't blame you for feeling that way," Nichols laughed. "But that you give a nap about the woman herself. No. But she has a nice place of change in the bank. You'd never get a chance at that if I showed her the letters."

Nichols' voice became dead earnest. "I'll tell you what, Conar. I'll give you a break. I could keep making you wish you were dry, if I wanted to. But I'll give you a break. You can have the letters for five hundred. Give it to me in a lump sum and I'll slip the letters right into your palm."

"But I haven't got that much," Conar pleaded. "I swear I haven't."

"You could raise it. Besides, you'll get ten times that from your wife sooner or later."

Conar straightened in his seat. Nichols was right, he decided. His voice held a determined ring as he said, "All right. I'll take it somehow. When do I meet you?"

"To-night okay?" At nine, Gustaf Nord, Room four-twelve."

Conar breathed, "Yes, to-night," and hung up.

For a long time Julius Conar sat very still. Hands of sweat still stood out on his forehead. His underwear was soaked. Finally he took a bath, hunching from his pocket and mopped his face. He felt a little better. There was plenty of time until nine o'clock, time enough to worry them.

The report on his desk still awaited a signature. The pen scratched as he signed. The desk blotter slid the

If your life depended on eye-witnesses and a jury, whom would you choose—men off the street or a group of college-trained men, initially shy? Well, you're wrong. In an experiment at Harvard University (U.S.), a mock murder was staged before students. Not one in six agreed on the number of killers, and descriptions of the weapon ranged from a parakeet to a machete. Not one guessed the correct weapon—a long, ripe banana.

several, and he rose from his seat.

It felt good to walk out of the office—like leaving a prison cell. His footsteps echoed as he marched, almost blindly, down the corridor to Oscar Wendell's office.

Oscar Wendell, president of Wendell Toys and Games, was a stout, shaggy-headed man, with short, bushy eyebrows.

It was he who had won the nod of official expense, who had hired the efficiency expert. Oscar, however, was made aware, from the first day of his employment, that he was nothing more than a necessary evil. Mr. Wendell dispensed efficiency experts especially thick little men who dwelled on being petty.

Oscar knocked on the office door, then entered. Wendell's secretary showed him into the president's "inner sanctum." For the tenth time, as he stepped into the comfortable private office, Oscar tried to thank of an excuse to get expense by making Wendell do without a secretary.

President Wendell nodded his great head at Oscar.

"I have my report for last month, Mr. Wendell," said the small man. "I'd like you to check it. You'll see the results of my methods."

Wendell accepted the report wearily. He glanced over it swiftly. A priest walked out of him at the third line.

"Two sentences fired? Why?"
"Mr. Boone and Mr. Morgan are sharing the same girl now. And in the future Mr. Martin will use a telephone for his children."

Wendell started and went back to the list. A moment later he said, "Oh, come now, Oscar. This is really too much. Nine seven and eight are ridiculous. What good will it do to remove dark lamps from all the offices? And how much can we possibly save by refusing all letters with postage due?"

"Mr. Wendell," Oscar said bristly, "you hired me to save you money. In order to do that I must have a free hand. More than that, I must have co-operation. Nine seven will save almost \$11 a month in electricity. Ten three like that will add up to a twelve-hundred a year saving. Nine eight is also a very small saving, too."

Mr. Wendell interrupted by sighing his resignation. Working his hand slowly, he said, "All right, Oscar. I guess you know your job. This report shows you're getting results, so I'll say no more."

Oscar smiled his triumph. He enjoyed Wendell's attentiveness.

He enjoyed ruling men . . . there was even a small libation of Napoleon, a pot-bellied cask with its hand made its waistcoat tucking its pocket, hanging on the wall in his bedroom. Sometimes Mr. Oscar was even in-

poised to imitate the posture as he posed at the mirror in the morning to straighten his tie before leaving for the office.

Beyond the lacquered waist-coat button and the solidly massaged hand, there was little resemblance to be observed between Mr. Oscar and any human eagle . . . let alone the Eagle of France. If anything, he was vulnerable . . . unless that too could be taken as a libel on vulnerability. But here . . . especially self-love . . . is notoriously blind, and Mr. Oscar was more than satisfied with what the mirror showed him.

No, to-day, he was more than usually complacent with himself.

In fact, he was so much an enthusiast of solid ardors that he completely forgot the drawing voice of Harry Nichols, whispering his malcontent consciousness on the telephone. His mind was too full of his own private thoughts. Occasionally, his tongue flattened over his lips like a wet covering towel.

But by a quarter to nine that evening Oscar had forgotten his victory. Once again his hawk manner deserted him. It was almost time for his appointment with Harry Nichols.

Oscar had some time for dinner after work, had spent an evening two hours with his wife. Finally, at eight o'clock, making an excuse, he left home.

In the inside pocket of his overcoat he carried an envelope containing notes drawn from the bank that afternoon. His right hand pocket was weighted down with a loaded automatic.

The small man entered the Grand Hotel at five to nine. He rode the elevator to the fourth floor. His face was grim as he marched through the deserted corridor, noted the statu-

ette curt, then found room four-twelve. He rapped sharply.

Nichols opened up uncharacteristically. He squinted at Oscar, smiled, and stood aside as the small man entered.

Oscar waited uncharacteristically while Nichols shut the door. He stared at the blackboarder's back. Nichols was slightly taller than himself, a hawk-faced man, redheaded, pinched, slender. Oscar hated him; hated him, not because of what he stood for, but because Nichols would drive him to do things. Oscar disliked anyone with more power than himself.

"Nice to see you again, Mr. Oscar," Nichols said, turning from the door.

Oscar was annoyed by the man's politeness. It gave him a feeling of being played with.

"Where are the letters?" he asked coldly.

Nichols studied him, and something approaching disgust came into his hawkish face. His nasal voice lost its polite tone as he said, "I don't like you, Mr. Efficiency. And I don't want you. You're always so bombastic, so that's how well do now. Let's see the money first."

Oscar was suspicious, but he took out the thick envelope. Nichols reached for it. The smaller man withdrew it quickly.

"The letters," he said.

Nichols removed a packet from his pocket. There were five letters. Oscar looked his lips when he saw them. What a fool he'd been to write them. It wasn't like him to lose his head over a woman.

But it had been one of those things . . . she had seemed so—somewhere—exotic . . . so different from everything that he had ever before encountered in his ridiculously conventional, materialistic existence. She had

SOCIAL reformers and other wretched fanatics may insist that we are not still living in the Middle Ages, but consider the case of 70-year-old Mr. George William Hunt, of Napoca Cottage, South Luffham (Stafford). Since he was 34, Mr. Hunt has been engaged in clearing away weeds by a natural process. Mr. Hunt has now successfully extended his human foot beauty series business for people on far afield as China and the United States

seemed as different from his wife . . . from the typists and secretaries he backed at the office . . . she had been something right out of his world.

He hadn't meant to allow himself to drift in so far . . . but it had happened. He couldn't even say he had gone into it with his eyes open. It just happened . . . and now . . .

"Let me look at them," he said, holding out a shaking hand.

Nichols laughed and opened the envelopes one by one. He held up each letter to turn and Caesar recognized the handwriting.

"Here's how we do it," Nichols said. "I don't want no trouble with you, so here's what I figured out. I'll stick the letters in a hotel envelope and address it to you. We'll mail it right outside in the chute. Then you give me the dough and we're done."

"Why don't you just hand me the letters?" Caesar protested. "I'll give you the money. Why make a fuss?"

"Because I don't want no kid

garden," Nichols replied. "You know, like, 'You give me first.' No, you give me.' If I hand you the letters, you might try to run out without paying. And I know damn well you won't give me the money first. So we don't play games. We drop the letters in the mailbox and that's that."

"What's to prevent me from running out once they're mailed?"

Nichols laughed. "I figured that, too. The mail don't get picked up until ten o'clock. Hides up to that time, with the hotel manager watching for me, I can get the letter back."

He passed, then said, "I wonder your way, too. You watch me mail them. You pay me. Then you sit here with me until after ten so you know I don't pick them up."

Caesar shrugged, nodded. The plan was good, and safe. It satisfied him. He gave Nichols his office address for the envelope. It wouldn't do to have his wife get hold of the letters now.

Nichols finished addressing, wrote, "Rivers, 222," under the hotel address, explained, "In case I have to identify it," and pasted a stamp in the upper right-hand corner. Caesar watched him slip the letters in and seal the envelopes.

They left the room together and Nichols dropped the letter in the mail chute. Caesar followed the blackmailer back to four-twelve.

The small man stood at the back of Nichols' head as he fumbled his key in the lock. Caesar felt differently toward the man now. He had nothing to fear from him. He felt contempt, a desire for revenge. The wrong and hate he'd known in the past months welled up in him.

"See how easy," Nichols was saying, lightly, as the door swung in. "Everything's settled. You give me



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the money. We sat and talk a while. And went."

Nichols' back was still turned. Connor felt the gun in his pocket. He hadn't intended using it—or had he? It was fear of Nichols made him carry it, he told himself. But now the burden of fear was lifted. And it was hate he felt. Strong hate.

His hand whipped from his pocket. Nervous fingers clutched the weapon, not as a gun, but as a heavy lump of steel. His arm, swinging in a high, swift arc, came down on Nichols.

Metal cracked doubly as brass. Nichols dropped without a sound. Connor stood over him, panting. His face was flushed.

A surge of power flowed through him, more power than he'd ever felt before. He'd never done anything like this before.

Stamping quickly, he searched the fallen man. Nichols didn't seem to be breathing. Connor felt for a pulse. There was none. It was unbelievable. One minute there was life, and the next—how many men was he? He died so easily.

Connor rose, backed into the corridor, and closed the door. He ran down the hallway toward the stairway call.

The next two days were the happiest in Connor's life. He worked hard at the job he loved; slacked ruthlessly at unnecessary expenditures. He was completely unbothered, unworried. Within him burned a fierce sense of freedom. He was rid of the only shadow in his life.

On the second morning Connor waited for the letter. It didn't arrive in the first mail, but he refused to worry. There was another delivery at ten-thirty.

At quarter to ten Connor's phone rang. The switch-board girl, unsmiling, in an excited voice, that two men were on their way in to see him. They just bowed through, she told him. They were policemen.

Connor, startled, "Thanks," and hung up. Panic assailed in him. Why were they here? They couldn't possibly have traced him.

He rose and started for the door when it opened.

Both men were hard-looking and formidable. They towered over him. They dwarfed him.

"Connor?" one asked.

He nodded dumbly.

"We're from headquarters. Handcuffs. We want you to come along with us. There are some questions about the murder of Harry Nichols."

"Harry Nichols?" Connor asked. "Harry Nichols?" I don't know a Harry Nichols."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Connor"—Connor felt a bewildered rage at the men's tone—"you know Harry Nichols. He was kindergarten guy, remember? And you killed him."

Connor gasped. "I didn't," as he watched the tall men take an envelope from his pocket.

"You probably would have gotten away," the detective said, "if it weren't for these."

"But I mailed them here," Connor protested weakly. "How—?"

"And they got here, too," the detective replied. "Yesterday they got here. But someone in this company was saving money. This morning they were back at the hotel."

The big man held forth the envelope. Connor stared at it. His eyes grew hot, and stung, and teared.

Scrambled in pencil, he read the word, "Refund." And stamped in red ink, the words, Postage Due 24.



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CAVALCADE, March, 1931 97

Talking Points

POST-ATOMIC

For better or for worse, we live in an Atomic Age and the A-Bomb has come to be regarded as something of a bogey menacing the very existence of mankind. For facts on the capabilities of the A-Bomb . . . its dangers . . . its potentialities . . . its weaknesses, read Mark Hoge's article, "After The A-Bomb—What?"

GENTLE GUNMAN

The American West has a reputation for trigger-happy hunters who shot first and spoke afterwards and the story of the Plains is littered with ferocious characters to whom humans are counted less than a pair of spurs. But not all were cut in the same mould. Jack Herring, in his story, "The Gun Speaks Gently," has produced a person with a difference. Ed Thompson is an almost unknown quantity in Western lore, but, as Herring reconstructs him, he must have been one of the most fantastic of them all.

SHADES OF NOAH

For centuries, the belief has existed that the original Noah's Ark still rests—there or less intact—on Mt. Ararat. Ancient historians have dreamed of its whereabouts; ancient claims to have photographed it; a United States expedition to search for it was not long ago lashed by the Soviet Government. In his article, "The Secret of Ararat" (Page 66), Charles Matthews

tells of the various attempts that have been made to locate the Ark and adds some of the bizarre stories which surround it.

BOOKS TO BROWSE

Fitly the poor salesman . . . especially the door-to-door variety— he earns his money the hard way . . . and some of the types he meets would provide the humor of even the Chamber of Horrors' most devoted fans. In "Doorbells and Doorstalls" (Page 11), world wanderer, Gerald Brydon-Brown, takes you behind the scenes for a swift tour.

NEXT MONTH

In memory of that gory dawn in Ararat some many years ago, CAVALCADE next month publishes a special article by a man who was there . . . E. V. Thorne . . . who has since become one of Australia's leading novelists. Thorne's eyewitness account has to be read to be believed. For other facts, we heartily recommend Cedric Belfrage's "Cross Without Clause," and a vivid account of the Cable & Co. days, "Whips Were Creaking." Fantasy, science, sporting and a most debunking article are just what CAVALCADE readers need. Further includes a CAVALCADE Yarnette with Straps . . . "Red Hot Water," by D. Delton . . . and a Jack London letter story, "Covers of the Crew."



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